THE FALL of *MORTIMER*,

AN

Hiſtorical PLAY.

Reviv'd from MOUNTFORT,
with Alterations.

As it is now acted at the

NEW THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

England, *bound in with the triumphant Sea,*
Whoſe rocky Shore beats back the envious Siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, *is now bound in with Shame,*
With inky Blots, and rotten Parchment Bonds:
That England, *that was wont to conquer others,*
Hath made a ſhameful Conqueſt of herſelf.
Shakeſpear's K. Richard II.

The FOURTH EDITION, corrected, with Additions by the Reviver.

LONDON:
Printed for J. MILLAN, *at* Charing-Croſs.
M,DCC,XXXII.
Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two former Editions of this Play having been publiſhed without the Reviver's having had an Opportunity to reviſe it from the Preſs, it is not to be wonder'd at if they are full of many groſs Errors and Omiſſions, eſpecially as it was printed from the Play-houſe Copy, in which many Speeches were *cut* to gratify the prevailing Cuſtom of the Actors. The Reviver therefore thinks himſelf obliged to take ſuch particular Care of this Third Edition, as to publiſh it compleat, as well for his own Satisfaction as the Publicks.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. FURNIVAL.

LIKE ſome rich Treaſure, long conceal'd from Sight,
And by a Chance unthought of brought to Light,
This noble Piece neglected long had lain;
But once more riſes to adorn the Scene,
And as it once has pleas'd, hopes the ſame Fate again.
So ſmall the Damage it from Time receiv'd,
The ſlighteſt Touch the Injury retriev'd,
We change the ancient for the modern Dreſs,
But not the Matter with more force expreſs:
The nervous Sentiment no Aid requires;
That boldly ſpeaks what Liberty inſpires.
The Britiſh *Conſtitution, ſo much priz'd,*
You'll ſee, by one bad Man *was almoſt ſacrific'd.*
Grinding Oppreſſion large Advances made,
And foul Corruption was become a Trade.
Our darling Liberty, our Rights, our Laws,
Subverted to ſupport the Minion's Cauſe.
Commerce Abroad, Science at Home declin'd,
And every honeſt, Engliſh, *Heart repin'd.*
Mountacute, *aided by a Patriot Band,*
Thoſe Guardian Angels of a ſinking Land,
Deploring their lov'd Country's wretched State,
Bravely reſolv'd to ſnatch her from her Fate:
At one bold Puſh her Liberties to ſave,
Or in her Ruins find a glorious Grave.
The King is told.—— The Royal Youth gives Ear,
And like a prudent Monarch grants their Pray'r.
The Laws revive.—— The Monſter is caſt down:
This ſaves the People's Freedom, and his own.
Our faithful Annals thus tranſmit to Fame,
A Villain-Stateſman, *not the* King *to* blame.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

King *Edward* III.	Mr. *Peterſon*
Mortimer, Earl of *March*	Mr. *Mullart*
Lord *Mountacute*	Mr. *Lacy*
Sir *Thomas Delamore*	Mr. *Jones*
Sir *Robert Holland*	Mr. *Furnival*
Serjeant *Eitherſide*	Mr. *Reynolds*
Earl of *Leiceſter*	Mr. *Wathen*
Earl of *Exeter*	Mr. *Dove*
Earl of *Berkley*	Mr. *Hallam*
Turrington	
Nevil	Mr. *Croſs*
Sly	Mr. *Davenport*
Secret	Mr. *Hicks*

WOMEN.

Iſabella, Queen Mother	Mrs. *Mullart*
Maria, in Love with *Mountacute*, and Niece to *Serjeant Eitherſide*	Miſs *Price.*

Citizens, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *Nottingham.*

THE FALL of *MORTIMER.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of King *Edward.*

Enter Lord Mountacute, *Sir* Thomas Delamore, *and Sir* Robert Holland.

L. *Mountacute.*

IT much diſturbs me, *Delamore*, that thou
Of all Mankind, ſhould'ſt think my Temper frail:
What haſt thou ever ſeen in *Mouncacute*,
Or read i'th' Annals of his Anceſtors,
To fear him, or ſuſpect his Reſolution?
Proclaim me Baſtard, if my Blood prove baſe:
I tell thee good old Friend,
I'll baniſh Sleep and Pleaſure till I've found
A Means to ſet my bleeding Country free;
And in the Fury of this noble Heat,
Plunge thro' a Sea of Blood for her Deliverance.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* I queſtion not your Spirit, but——

L. *Mount.* What?

Sir *Tho. Dela.* Pray give me Leave:
Nay, I muſt chide you; for you give the Reins
To ſuch a Paſſion may undo us all.
Are there not ſharp Obſervers plac'd about us,
Who, if 'twere poſſible, wou'd ſearch our Souls?
This eager Fire will quite fore-ſtall our Purpoſe.

L. *Mount.* Well, I am huſh'd;

But

But pray propoſe ſome Means may pleaſe my Thoughts,
Since you'll confine my Tongue.
Sir *Tho. Dela.* Nay, I'm for urging of our Wrongs; but calmly.
There is a Time,
When Heaven will do us Right for all our Woes;
And if the Orphans Cries, and Widows Tears,
The Blood of Innocents which ſtain the Land,
Can haſten Vengeance, ſure it's drawing nigh.
L. *Mount.* 'Tis full three Years ſince *Mortimer*
Began to lord it o'er us by the Queen's vile Favour.
He ſtalks as on a Mountain by himſelf,
Whilſt we creep humbly in the Vale below,
And eye, and curſe, what we're afraid to reach at.
Sir *Rob. Holl.* In this ſhort Space, he and his Brother-Devil
Have made, undone, new fram'd, ſhuffled and toſt
The antient Cuſtoms of our native Soil
So very often, that the Kingdom ſtaggers,
Under the heavy Burthen of her Charge.
L. *Mount.* What are our Princes? What the Nobles now?
Are they not Vaſſals to this Upſtart's State?
No more the Fame of our Nobility
Be call'd in Mind; who, when uſurping Powers
Did but attempt to innovate our Laws,
With their keen Swords like *Guardian Angels* ſtood,
And kept the *Harpies* from the ſacred Fruit.
Sir *Rob. Holl.* Is it not fatal to reſiſt his Will?
Nay, none muſt ſmile if *Mortimer* be ſullen.
Curſe on his Pride-- Why ſhould we brook it longer?
Why don't we boldly tell the King our Thoughts,
And make him Great in ſpite of evil Counſel?
Sir *T. Del.* There will be *Mortimer* in every State,
Some Favourite Villain to oppreſs the Subject,
And ſell to Knaves what honeſt Men ſhould have,
Who loſe their Right only for being poor.
The largeſt Bribe is ſtill his deareſt Friend:
He values not the Credit of his Prince;
Therefore 'tis juſt,

The King ſhou'd know how much he is eclipſed;
Who 'tis that graſps the Scepter in his ſtead;
And how the Queen moſt laviſhly doth waſte
His vaſt Revenue on this *Mortimer*.

L. *Mount.* Nay he not only drains the Royal Treaſure,
But robs him of his brighter Part, his Glory:
This Stateſman deals his Childiſh Politicks,
As tho' the Nation were a pack of Boys;
And thinks this gaudy, Out-ſide of a Peace,
Dreſs'd up in Tawdry, Fopiſh Garb, muſt pleaſe:
It may indeed the vitiated many;
But ne'er the ſolid few.

Sir *R. Hol.* How are we manag'd by an upſtart Knave!
He rides the Privilege of Peers and Commons;
For who in Parliament ſpeaks not his Thoughts,
Muſt ne'er expect a ſmiling Look from Court.

Lord *Mount.* Shame on thoſe mercenary Souls that brook it,
And ſordidly give up their Country's Honour.
In vain, our *Edgar*, *William*, *Henry*, urg'd
Pretenſions juſtly, on the *Scotiſh* Crown:
In vain did *Kenneth*, *Malcom*, *William* pay
Religious Homage to our ancient Right,
Since that long Scroll, that Ragman-Roll of Peers,
Of Prelates, and of all Eſtates of Men,
That written Teſtimonial of Dependence,
Is render'd up———and render'd at a Time,
When but a Grain of Courage wou'd have bought
A Pound of Sterling Fame——Had we but call'd
King *Robert* to Account for laſt Year's Work
With Sword in Hand, and reap'd the great Advantage
O'er his Weakneſs, ſpite of the crafty King,
We had exacted Golden Terms for *England*———
But now, forſooth, by Articles we're vanquiſh'd.

Sir *Rob. Hol.* My Lord, this mean, ſubmiſſive, Coward-courting,
This vile entreating thoſe that us'd to intreat,
But ſuits the Avarice of his narrow Soul.
He gluts his private Views, while publick ones,

Alas!

Alas! are never thought of, but to feed
His vaſt immeaſurable Luſt of Gain.

Lord *Mount.* A Cauſe ſo foul, muſt foul Effects produce.
The Virtues glowing in a Patriot's Breaſt,
Semble too much of Heaven to lodge in his;
But what amazes moſt, my Friends, is this;
That not the ſacred Gown, nor learned Robe,
Are unpolluted with his ſervile Arts.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* If as ſometimes he meets a knotty Point,
Which will not ſtretch to what his Need requires,
He ſummons the moſt ſubtle at the Bar,
Begging their kind Interpretation of it;
Telling how neceſſary, nay, how loyal 'tis,
When the Prerogative o'th' Crown is pinch'd
Within the Clutches of the griping Law,
To eaſe the Royal Power, and give it Freedom.
If they comply not, then his Greatneſs culls
From out the Scum o'th' Inns of Chanc'ry,
A Set of poor neceſſitated Rogues,
Who've run thro' all the Judgments of each Court;
And theſe he makes his learn'd Expoſitors:
Theſe, as they ſteadily perform their Task,
He puts into their Places who refuſed him.
Some have the Fortune to aſcend the Bench;
But when they're ſuch Proficients in their Art,
They'd baffle Truth, tho' never ſo well back'd,
And dare the Devil in his own Poſſeſſion.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Juſtice and Honeſty have left the Robe;
The Reverend Clergy too forget their Function;
For when this haughty, clamorous *Mortimer*,
At any Time wou'd make the Publick Good
The Tool to work his Ends withal, oh, then!
He calls ſome ſmooth-tongu'd Prelate to his Aid,
Who, with elaborate Text political,
Spic'd up and down with grave Divinity,
Preaches his Medley Doctrine to the Crowd.

Lord *Mount.* Come, come, it never was a proſperous World,

Since

Since Prieſts have interfer'd with temporal Matters.
The Cuſtom of their Anceſtors they ſlight,
And change their Shirts of Hair for Robes of Gold:
Thus Luxury and Intereſt rule the Church,
Whilſt Piety and Conſcience dwell in Caves.——
Let's ſtem the Current of this furious Tide:
Our Country is the Parent of us all;
And ſhall we talk away the precious Hours,
While theſe vile Hangmen ſtretch her on the Rack?
Let's force young *Edward*'s Safety with our Swords,
And cut off all the Holds, which bar his Glory.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* Bleſſings upon thee for this generous Heat.
From hence my Fears and Jealouſies——--be gone!
Thou art the Soul of Honour new reviv'd,
Which for ſome Years, as once the *Romans* did,
Withdrew thyſelf into a willing Exile.
Action! there will be Fuel for thy Fire,
Great as thy Spirit courts, and worthy of thee.
The Matter's ready, and the Engine fixt,
Many prepar'd, and eager for the Work;
But Place and Time forbid the telling more——
The Darling comes.

Enter Guards, Gentlemen, Turrington *and* Nevill, *followed by* Mortimer.

Waiters. Make way there.

Guards. Room for his Lordſhip.

L. *Mount.* See, how the Toad ſwells with his own Applauſe!

Sir *Tho. Dela.* My Lord, you forget.

L. *Mount.* I'm ſilent.

Mort. Turrington.

Turr. Your Pleaſure.

[*Petitioners kneeling with Papers.*

Mort. What are thoſe Men, who bend their Knee to us?
They ſeem as Suppliants.

Turr. So they are indeed; from ſeveral Towns, Cities and Boroughs they are come,
Humbly imploring you wou'd intercede

For their loſt Charters to the incens'd Queen.
Mort. That's the Chancellor's Buſineſs.
Turr. They know your Intereſt greater, and entreat it.
The Judges have annull'd them; and unleſs
Your Goodneſs can prevail, many a Town,
By their own Faults incur'd, will fall to Ruin,
And be a Wilderneſs—Thouſands of Families,
Now in the way of Life, muſt ſtarve and periſh.
Mort. Their ancient Charters by the Law are forfeited;
But I will ſtudy how to get 'em new Ones.
Our Time is ſpent in ſetting Things aright,
This Kingdom wants it, and I am it's Friend.
Lord *Mount.* Was ever Pride or Arrogance like this? [*Aſide.*
Mort. Nevill! What would thoſe People have?
Nevill. May it pleaſe your Honour,
They are Inhabitants of the adjacent Corporations:
They all of them have Voices at Elections,
And promiſe for the Parliaments to come ———
They will chuſe none but what the Court ſhall like.
Mort. 'Tis well, and we take Notice of their Wiſdom———
See that you give 'em welcome as becomes us:
Such Subjects muſt not want Encouragement,
And *Mortimer* be living.
Lord *Mount.* Unheard-of Impudence!
Sir *Tho. Dela.* My Lord, we are obſerv'd — See how he eyes us!
Nor are we ſafe while we ſtand trifling here.
Lord *Mount.* Why let him eye us till his Eyes grow ſtiff.
His Looks may fright thoſe who have Dependance on him;
For me, I ſlight the worſt and beſt of him.
Mort. Ha! What ſaidhe?
Turr. Sir.
Mort. Lead on.
As he moves is met by Mountacute, *who fronts him——they ſtare at each other, and joſtle.*
Ha! joſtled.

L. *Mount.* I find the Man is greater than the Room,
Sure else he might have ſtrutted clear of me.
Mort. Thou art a froward Peer!
L. *Mount.* Thou art a vain one!—Nay, frown not, *Mortimer!*
Thy Terror's loſt on me.
Look big upon thoſe *Baſtard Engliſh* Men,
Who tamely yield their Rights and Charters up,
And ſwear to *pick* a Parliament—who ſell
Our Freedoms, Perſons and Eſtates, nay Rights
Of Kings, to gain a ſhort-liv'd ſmile———
They probably may dread thee.
Mort. Raſh Youth, no more, leſt you provoke my Anger,
Till I forget the Palace that protects thee—
But th' Eagle ſeldom condeſcends, I think,
To combat with the Paſſion of a Wren!
L. *Mount.* I tell thee Boaſter, that my Veins do hold
A nobler, richer, purer Blood than thine.
Mort. Thy Words are Air, which no Impreſſion make———
So Boys hurl Stones in Water, and ſo loſt.
L. *Mount.* So Men ſhun Provocations under Proverbs.
Mort. Shun thee, poor Wretch! I pity thee!
L. *Mount.* I ſcorn thy Pity and contemn thy Hate.
Sir *Tho. Dela.* Nay, *Mountacute*———
L. *Mount.* Rot his proud Spirit—oh, that I had thee forth
On ſome wide Plain to hunt thy haughty Soul,
Diſtant from all Protection but thy Sword's!
There thou ſhou'd'ſt find———
Mort. A Prattler.
Thy Mother's Folly dwells upon thy Tongue—
Thou cam'ſt from School too early———
Fye, Boy, fye!
L. *Mount.* Stateſman! Stateſman! thou Engineer of Hell!
L. *Mount.* Rail on, and ſpend thy Gall, malicious Thing, whoſe Nurſe's Milk ſtill hangs upon thy Lips,—you ſhou'd be ſcourg'd to Manners. *Mort*

L. *Mount.* The King ſhall know thee.
Mort. Then he'll know himſelf.
L. *Mount.* Arrogance, I ſhall meet thee.
Mort. Beware the Thunder, Child, 'tis dangerous.
L. *Mount.* If thou art ſo, like Lightning, I'll fore-
run thee;
And if thyſelf thou dar'ſt a Thunder prove,
Follow me, *Mortimer*, and I'll think thee *Jove.*
[*Exeunt* Mount. Dela. *and* Holland.
Turr. Had you not Patience as you have the Power
Of an offended Deity, this Language ſure had been
his laſt.
I watch'd, my Lord, your Eyes,
And ready for the Signal of Diſpatch,
Had laid his reaking Heart beneath his Feet.
Nev. You are too merciful---too full of Goodneſs;
Such Indignities call for Reſentments
No leſs than Death,——pardon my plainneſs, Sir;
For here I prophecy, unleſs you break
This Serpent's Egg before the Monſter's hatch'd,
'Twill bring Deſtruction on your ſelf and Friends.
Mort. I thank ye, and am happy in your Service:
The Babler I deſpiſe,——he ſhall be puniſh'd———
The Envy that his canker'd Breaſt is big with,
By preying on it's ſelf ſhall work his Ruin.
So Dogs behold the Luſtre of the Moon,
And ſo run yelping backward into Madneſs. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to a Tavern,
Diſcovering Oldſtile, Felt *and* Frame, *at a Table,*
with Bottle and Glaſſes before them.

Felt. Who, ſay you, Neighbour *Oldſtile*, has paid
for this Peace?
Oldſtile. Why, the *Scots* —— i' Faith, *Mortimer*
has humbled their Pride—they were forc'd to come
down 30 Thouſand good Marks, to make up the
Loſſes they did us laſt Year in the *North.*
Felt. Right and good Reaſon they ſhould—Why
ſhould we always pay the Piper and never dance?
Frame. Let me tell you, this is a lucky Dance for
him: I don't know but he has danc'd his Neck out
of

of the Halter by the Bargain———But how long, ſay they, is it to laſt?

Felt. Ay, how long is it to laſt? there's the *Query!* I hate your Stop-gaps: They were never good for *England.* This putting off the evil Day for a while, is but like drinking of ſtrong Liquors to keep up the Spirits, which at Long-run are the Deſtruction both of Body and Subſtance.

Oldſtile. True, Neighbour *Felt*;——putting of the evil Day, does but make it fall the heavier at laſt: 'Tis a ſort of being Brow-beaten; but however, I hope that's not the preſent Caſe. This Treaty does not ſeem calculated to ſerve a Turn indeed; for you ſee our Princeſs *Joan* of the *Tower* is given in Marriage to the Son of King *Robert* of *Scotland*, as a Pledge of their laſting Friendſhip, beſides the Money they have launch'd out!

Frame. Then, at that Rate, this Peace has brought a Fortune for her; and we have been both courted for Peace and for Marriage.

Felt. Why, that's juſt as it ſhould be, Maſter *Frame. England*, in political Love, ſhould be like a handſome young Woman, that has abundance of Admirers about her, and is courted for her Merit only.

Oldſtile. She's a gallant Lady, and deſerves a Brimmer. Come Neighbours———

[*Fills a Glaſs and ſings to the Tune of*, over the Hills, *&c.*

If Mortimer *this Peace has made*
For Sake of England, *and of Trade,*
May his Enemies be few;
May his Friends be great and true. [Drinks.

Fel. [Sings]

But if mending up the State
He has wrought with Tinker's Tools,
May a Gibbet be his Fate,
Nor we no longer be his Fools. [Drinks.

Frame. [*Drinks.*] I can tell you, Neighbours, if theſe Lines ſhould come true, I know a good Number of us Stocking-Weavers would ſpare a Day to lend

lend a helping Hand towards putting one up for him. —— But I ſwear, I'm mightily pleas'd with the latter Part of the Song. Come, let's have it over again in *Chorus*. [*They all fill their Glaſſes and ſing.*

But if mending up the State,
He has wrought with Tinker's Tools,
May a Gibbet be his Fate;
Nor we no longer be his Fools. [All drink.

Enter Bumper.

Bumper. Reſt ye merry, Gentlemen ——I'm glad to ſee you ſo jolly ——— I vow, I have not ſeen a Citizen ſmile this many a Day.

Oldſtile. Bleſs you Man, who would not ſmile at an honourable Peace? Why, it would make Gravity it ſelf ſmile.

Bumper. Honourable ſay you, Sir? Ah Neighbours! did you but know the Bottom!

Felt. Bottom! Why, I was told it had no Bottom at all.

Oldcaſtle. Come, come Mr. *Bumper*, this is carrying your Spleen to *Mortimer* a little too far —— We all of us have had Reaſon to blame his Management of our young King; but what of that? Becauſe he has been black, do you think he muſt always be ſo? You ſee he mends apace; —— let me tell you, he has taken the right Sow by the Ear this bout:— This Peace is a Maſter Peace! No, no, an were hang'd, or never ſo great a Rogue before, I can't help ſpeaking well of him now.

Felt. Why, ay; right, as you ſay; he ſo ſeldom does well, that one ought to praiſe him when it does come into his Noddle. But how comes Maſter *Bumper* to be ſo out of Humour at this Peace? —— *Mortimer* does not uſe your Houſe, eh, Neighbour!

Bumper. No; no, he's too great to uſe my Houſe now; but I've known the Time when he was glad to come to't. But 'twill come home to him, I warrant—there are Things to my Knowledge going forward will make him ſqueak; —— 'tis not the Peace will ſave him.

Oldſtile. Say you ſo? Methinks, I want to know

what

what Flaw they can find in a Peace that was both *pray'd* for, and *paid* for.

Felt. Ay, prithee, *Bumper*, Let's know the Bottom, as thou wert ſaying, if there be any.

Bumper. To ſuch as us indeed it ſeems clear enough at Top; but thoſe who ſee deeper into Matters, ſay it has a confounded muddy Bottom. —— Why, my good Lord *Mountacute* told me this Morning, when I went to carry his Lordſhip a Taſte of ſome Wines, that it was only a little ſhifting Expedient of *Mortimer*'s; for, ſays he, King *Robert* never held it good to be at Peace with *England*, but for his own Ends.

Frame. But pray, what is that ſame Expedient?

Felt. Ay, what's that ſame Expedient?

Bumper. Why, you know that he's generally hated; and ſo ſays my Lord, he has purchas'd this Toy only to pleaſe the People.

Felt. Nay, how can that be? —— the *Scots* were the Purchaſers, you know.

Bumper. But I know we are the prime Purchaſers;——My Lord ſays they had a previous Promiſe from the Queen and *Mortimer* of —— Pho! of ten times as much in the lieu.

Felt. So between them both, I find the King and the Nation are finely bubbled.

Bumper. Why, you muſt know, *Mortimer*'s ſo very complaiſant, he ſcorns to ſtrike an Enemy that's down, tho' they only laugh at him for't.

Frame. Nay, for that Matter, the *Scots* had ſcarce left *Nottingham*, when it was ſaid among my Journeymen, that they derided our Princeſs with the Title of *Joan Make-Peace.*

Felt. And is all this owing to *Mortimer!* My Blood begins to boil.

Bumper. Nay, that's not all neither —— you ſee he has given them up the Ragman-Roll too, as tho' I ſhould give you up what belong'd to me and mine, Time out of Mind, meerly thro' Fear ——— the *French*, I warrant, will have a pull at us next.

Oldſtile. This is making but a very ſcurvy Figure

gure among our Neighbours, that's the Truth on't —*England*'s a fine Bird, and every one's for having a Feather of her I find, as you tell the Story.

Bumper. 'Tis plain they want to pluck her bare, and if ſome good Body does not ſtand her Friend, ſhe will be pluck'd bare e're it be long.

Oldſtile. I wonder if the King knows of all theſe Doings.

Bumper. No, God bleſs him, he thinks all Things go right, poor Prince!

Felt. But ſhould not he be told then?

Bumper. How in the Name of Wonder ſhould he, when *Mortimer* takes care no Body ſhall have the King's Ear but himſelf.

Frame. But would not a good, long, large ſpeaking Trumpet do the Buſineſs think you, Neighbour?

Bumper. No, no, a fiddle of your Trumpet; he muſt be told Face to Face; and you may as well go to the Bottom of the Sea, where you'd be ſure to be devour'd by Sea-Monſters by the way; —— tho' the brave Lord *Mountacute*, and ſome other Well-wiſhers to their Country have ſworn to make a Puſh, tho' they die by't. Heav'n ſend they ſucceed.

Felt They will ſucceed —— they are honeſt Men —they have the true *Engliſh* Spirit about them—— *Mortimer*'s Crew are of the Mongril Breed, and can't face a downright *Engliſh* Litter. S'death! as little as I am, I'll tell the King my ſelf, if they ſhould not accompliſh Matters——Wounds! if he were not young he'd be unpardonable. [*Riſing.*

Oldſtile. Sad doings truly—— Every thing's at a ſtand——there's ſcarce any Trading going forward, and at this rate we ſhall have none quickly.

Frame. For my Part, if it laſt long ſo, I may as well ſhut up my Doors——I have ſold but one ſingle pair of Stockings this Fortnight, and that was to a Gentleman without Legs.

All. Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughing.*

Felt. For all we laugh, I wiſh I'd ſuch another Chap of *Mortimer*, —— I'd give all the Hats in my Shop to fit him with one after his Head was off.

Bumper.

Bumper. Good faith, and I'd give him as much Wine as would burſt him on that Proviſo too.

Old. Let but the Halter be well fix'd, and then I'll put him in a Way to ſave his Bacon afterwards.

Felt. Prithee, Neighbour *Oldſtile*, none of your Querks to ſave his Bacon neither——Why, you'd cut him down now, wou'd you?

Oldſtile. Not 'till he was choak'd at leaſt, and then he ſhould pray me to do't, or he ſhould hang till Doomſday.

Frame. You talk ſo much of hang'd Bacon, that we forget the Glaſs——Come, Maſter *Bumper*, you have not drank yet.

Bumper. [*fills a Glaſs.*] Here, Maſters, here's God bleſs the King, and ſend him better Counſellors——No *Mortimer* for me. [*Drinks.*

All. No *Mortimer* for us all. [*All Drink.*

Bumper. But hark ye, Neighbours, you will ſtand up for the Cauſe if Occaſion require?

All. All! All!

Bumper. 'Tis a Shame the Nation ſhould any longer be impos'd upon.

All. A burning Shame!

Bumper. In the mean time, it will be beſt for us to retire; and as L. *Mountacute* and his Friends behave, we muſt be guided accordingly——Oh, there will be rare Doings when that's once brought about!

Felt. Come then, Neighbours, let us be gone--We ſhould inform our Fellow-Citizens of theſe Matters, that ſomething may be done in them.

[*They ſing in* Chorus.]

For why ſhould we ſtoop to King Bob,
Or be led by Mortimer's *Crew*;
A Halter would finiſh the Job,
And make all our Enemies rue.

End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE *opens and discovers King* Edward *on a Couch, who, after some struggling, rises.*

King.

WHere have I been? or what is't I have seen?
'Tis said the soul, while the tir'd body sleeps,
Her Mansion often leaves, and roves abroad:
Sometimes to Groves and solitary Cells;
Sometimes to Courts, to Cities and to Camps,
Mingling with Crowds, then strangely left alone;
But mine has fall'n down dreadful Precipices:
Walk'd to the Charnel-Houses of the Dead.
My Father's Ghost stalk'd thus before my Eyes;
Cry'd out Revenge, then shriek'd and disappear'd,
With so much haste, as if it seem'd to dread
The Hand of Murder did pursue it still;
Yet, as it fled, it forc'd the yielding Air,
To eccho back, Beware of *Mortimer!*

[*Enter Messenger.*]

Mes. Lord *Mountacute*, Sir *Robert Holland*, with Sir *Thomas Delamore*,
Wait for Admittance to your Majesty.

King. They're welcome--bring 'em in--[*Exit* Mes.
Then headless *Kent*, my beloved Uncle,
Led on a Train of miserable Shades,
Who seem'd bewailing their untimely Deaths.
With up-lift Hands they begg'd as for Relief,
And in sad Postures told their several Fates.
Then *Mortimer* led in my wicked Mother,
Who snatch'd the Crown from me, and gave it him,
At which the numerous Crowds of Ghosts looked paler.
Their mangled Limbs broke out afresh with Blood,
And the surprizing Horror shook off Sleep——
What is it, Oh ye Powers, that ye decree?
Am I design'd to fall a Sacrifice
To the ambitious Lust of this fell Monster?
If Dreams presage, or Visions can forbode
The Fate of *Edward*, *Edward* must succeed,
If so you've fix'd it; yet I'll face this Storm,

Stand

Stand like a King 'gainſt my rebellious Doom,
And periſh worthy of my Dignity.
Enter Lord Mountacute, *Sir* Thomas Delamore *and Sir* Robert Holland.

All. Health to your Majeſty.

King. The like to all of you——ye are good Men.
My worthy Uncle *Edmund*, when alive,
Bad me ſelect and value you as Jewels:
When dying, as a Legacy bequeath'd
Your Faiths and Services.
I am too young to know the Arts of Men;
But by my hopes I think ye mighty honeſt.

L. *Mount.* Our Happineſs lies only in that Thought.

King. Tell me, my Friends, and with that honeſt Plainneſs,
As ſuits the Character I have of you,
Why is it that with folded Arms of late,
And heavy Eyes, which ſpeak diſtemper'd Minds,
Ye meaſure out your Steps?
Seeming like Statues more than Counſellors;
As Mourners wait upon the dead Remains
Of ſome lov'd Friend to his eternal Home.

Sir *Tho. Delam.* Moſt Royal Prince, my honour'd Liege and Maſter——

King. Honour'd! my Liege! my Prince and Royal Maſter!
How like this ſounds to *Mortimer!*
I find He's grown the *Preſident* o'th' Court;
The Star by which each Courtier guides his Hopes.

Sir *R. Holl.* Rather a *Meteor*, or ſome *Exhalation*,
Rais'd by the ſulphurous Vapours of the Earth,
Which borrowing its Blaze from real Lights,
Attracts the Eyes of Fools to gaze on it.

King. No more on your Allegiance——to the Point——
The Explanation of this Diſcontent?

L. *Mount.* You've touch'd us home, Sir, now, and we obey:
The Secrets of our Hearts ſhall be unlock'd,
Where you may read your's and the Nation's Doom.

It is the Man you've nam'd, who rides our Spirits.
Oh, my lov'd Lord!
Why is this Viper harbour'd in your Boſom,
Which gnaws inſenſibly upon your Honour?
Why pamper'd with the Worſhip of Men's Knees?
You are our King——rouſe ſleeping Majeſty——
Awake, and view the Souls that wait your riſing,
To pay their long kept Homage where 'tis due.
Sir *Tho. Delam.* Where now is Right? to whom ſhall we appeal?
The Queen has plac'd her Power on *Mortimer*,
Whilſt the Law's Edge is ground but on one ſide;
Nor that employ'd, unleſs to lop your Friends.
The Man, who dare reflect on his Proceedings,
Or pity but the Circumſtance of *Edward*,
Is ſtraight beſet, and ſworn into ſome Plot:
His Life or Fortune's ſeiz'd; it may be both:
Juries and Witneſſes are kept in Pay,
Who have agreed his Ruin ere he's heard.
Sir *R. Holl.* Thus your good Subjects daily are oppreſs'd,
Who periſh by conſent of Perjury.
Sir *Tho. Delam.* Nay, whilſt theſe vile Poſſeſſors wreck the Land,
Your Worth decays, and Glory runs to Ruin.
It can't laſt long, they think, ſo make the moſt on't,
Aſſume your Right, or we muſt all ſubmit:
Our Country, like Eſtates, held in Diſpute,
Fertile in Woods and Parks, the Pride of Wealth;
If he that's in Poſſeſſion thinks it ſhort,
He cuts down all the Pomp of's Anceſtors,
Which many Years their Diligence improved.
So worthy Men, the Prop of future Hopes,
By this Uſurper, *Mortimer*, are lopped;
Their Fortunes torn by th' Roots from long Succeſſion;
And ſcatter'd to maintain Voluptuouſneſs.
King. Is't poſſible! I always thought him ill,
But you decypher him a very Devil,
And fill my Thoughts with Horror of his Crimes.
Sir *Tho. Delam.* Each Magiſtrate that ſhould adminiſter Juſtice

Juſtice impartial, made by *Mortimer*,
Muſt ruin others to preſerve himſelf:
The Clergy and the Law are both his Creatures:
Places of Truſt and Profit are all ſold:
'Tis practiſed from the miter'd holy Head
To the needy, ſtarving Verger of the Church:
You cannot ſerve Heaven on Cuſhions but you pay for't,
Or bliſter your numb'd Knees upon the Marble;
Then from the Scarlet and the Purple Gown,
Down to the very Cryer of the Court.

L. *Mount.* Well may the Nation groan while ſuch as theſe
Sit at the Helm; and what expect but Shipwreck?

King. Now by my Honour, I'll no longer bear
The ignominious Hand of baſe Controul.
I find my ſelf enlarg'd: Each Artery
Beats double Time, as if my Spirits ſtrove
To be in Action: My Father's Soul
Shoots in my Blood, and prompts to Reſolution.

Sir *Tho. Delam.* Ay, now my Lord, you ſpeak yourſelf a King.
Do but appear with that Authority,
The Praiſe of *Edward* every Tongue will chant,
Whilſt raviſh'd Heaven does eccho back the Sound.
You can't want Hands for ſuch a noble Work:
A Cauſe like yours would ſummon the juſt Gods
With all their Thunder to the Royal Aid.
Oh, let me kiſs your ſacred Feet, dear Prince!
Theſe Words have added Years to my ſick life. [*kneels.*

King. He weeps; indeed the honeſt Man does weep.
Riſe, *Delamore*, for I will be myſelf,
And this vile *Mortimer* ſhall down to Hell.
All ſpare the Tree, whoſe Branches ſerve as Shade,
Till the ſpread Miſchiefs kill the Under-plants:
Then every Man aſſiſts to fell it down;
So this *Coloſſus* of the *Engliſh* Iſle,
Under whoſe Legs the talleſt Ships muſt paſs,
Ere they gain Harbour, ſhall to Seas be hurled,

And

And in their bottom find a Monument.
My Dream comes on apace, and I foretel
This Meeting ominous to *Mortimer*.
My worthy Friends, be ſtill about our Perſon.
Send inſtantly to *Berkley*, *Exeter*, [*Exit* Holland.
Leiceſter and *Mordaunt*---You withdraw with me.
Buſineſs I have requires your beſt Advice;
For like the Mariner I ſee from far,
A Storm is gathering in the diſtant Sky;
But with theſe Veſſels I can fear no Sea:
The utmoſt Rigour of the Clouds I'll ſtand,
Safe as the Souls that pity us from Land.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes diſcovering* Mortimer *in a Chair of State, with* Turrington *and* Nevill *attending.*

Mort. Say, truſty *Turrington*, how brooks the Queen
The late Behaviour of raſh *Mountacute?*

Turr. As you or I, or any one could wiſh,
That has his Country's Good ſincere at Heart.
After the Oracle of your Mind declar'd,
That *Mountacute*, with *Delamore* and *Holland*,
Thoſe Bellows which keep in young *Edward*'s Fire,
And raiſe, and calm it as their Need requires,
Should be removed; their Intereſt was great;
Their Prudence ſtrict; *Mountacute*'s Courage firm;
Their Fortunes able to maintain their Meaſures,
Which ſtruck for her Son's Greatneſs and our Ruin,
" Inſolence! and Treaſon to the State, cry'd ſhe!---
" Howe'er, the Boy ſhall bend to all my Wiſhes:
" 'Tis a half Soul, bred in the Lap of Love,
" And ſpiritleſs as the Deſire that got him——
" Bid *Mortimer* nor fear what's cruſh'd ſo ſoon.

Mort. 'Tis well——while ſhe protects I cannot fall—— But now proceed we to what concerns us next——*Nevill!*

Nevill. My Lord!

Mort. I think thou haſt got the Liſt of thoſe of our Friends, whoſe Services entitle them to our Bounty?

Nevill.

Nevill. Pleaſe your Honour, 'tis here; and ſpeaks the great Regard you pay to Merit. Did but the World know what Liberality it contains, they would vote you the Standard of Virtue, *nemine contradicente.*

Mort. They are not unacquainted with our Virtues, *Nevill*——but I would hear it read, that we may proportion the Reward with Juſtice.

Nevill. [*Reads the Liſt.*] *Imprimis*, the Lord Viſcount *Landleſs* 400 Marks *per Annum.*

Mort. Reduce it to two hundred——He is poor indeed; but two hundred's enough in Conſcience for a ſingle Vote——He's good for nothing elſe——read on.

Nevill. Lord *Richacre*, One thouſand, and inſiſts upon an Augmentation of 200.

Mort. Let them be added, tho' he is of as little Service as my Lord *Landleſs*——but he is Purſe-proud, and may deſert us.

Nevill. Sir *Oily Fluent*, 1500.

Mort. Two thouſand is the leaſt he can have——he ſpeaks like an Angel——put him down 2000.

Nevill. Sophiſter Topick, Eſq; 1000.

Mort. Make it up 1500; for tho' the Man does not ſpeak, he writes admirably;——he dreſſes up Falſhood within a Hair's-breadth of Truth: And if that does not do, he bullies them into Conviction.

Nevill. Sir *Scribble Fainwou'd*, 400.

Mort. Let him ſtand there a while——as he mends we ſhall take notice of him.

Nevill. Sir *Beetle Drone*, 400.

Mort. Hang him, he muſt be continued too, or ten to one we loſe him, tho' he does little elſe but ſleep in the Houſe.

Nevill. Lord *Sheep-Hook*, 1500.

Mort. Let me conſider——no; that and his late Preferment will do very well.

Nevill. Lord *Loſty*, 2000.

Mort. Scratch him out again——he values himſelf too much on his Family, and the weight he bears in the Houſe; for when I made him an

Offer

Offer of the Favour, that he might live, I told him, ſuitable to his Grandeur, he had the Stupidity to call it Bribing, and ſay that he had a Soul above it——As for the reſt, you'll enhance or diminiſh, as you ſee Occaſion, and let them be regiſtred accordingly.

Turr. But, my Lord, I believe I could add one who is not in the Liſt, for enabling him to keep one or two Miſtreſſes the more.

Mort. Tho' I have more than my Number, yet ſince he's ſo eaſily gained, put him down 400 Marks.

Nevill. His Name?

Turr. Lord *Flaſh.*

Nevill. Your Lordſhip has no further Commands at preſent?

Mort. No; [*exit* Nevill] but *Turrington!*

Turr. Would your Lordſhip have me look over theſe Petitions?

Mort. No, no, let them lie—we have ſomething elſe to do than examine needy Petitions!——What Money did you receive yeſterday on my Account?

Turr. 'Twas but a very indifferent Day truly ——I received only 10000 Marks for two Patents; 5000 for a General's Commiſſion; 6000 for the Direction of the Cuſtoms; 2000 for a Place in the Navy, and 1000 for the Grant of another. Beſides abundance of petty Fees, as Remembrancers only.

Mort. When the grand Sum comes down, then we ſhall remember; till then we ſhall be deaf. But, *Turrington*, be ſure ſee, that the Entertainment be ſplendid, magnificent— ſpare no coſt— I muſt gain my Point, and eating and drinking will do't, if any thing can: for thoſe I have to do with are great Belly-Mongers.

Turr. My Lord, I obey your Orders. [*Exit.*

Enter Sly.

Sly. Sir, *Maiden Battery* deſires to kiſs your Honour's Hand.

Mort.

Mort. Shew him in. [*exit* Sly.] What does this Bullet-headed Knight want now? I ſaved his Life but t'other Day, for which I had 20000 Marks ——I hope 'tis in danger again.

Enter Sir Maiden Battery *and* Sly.

Mort. Sir *M. Battery*, I'm glad to ſee you out of your Confinement.

Sir *M. Bat.* Give me leave, my Lord, further to teſtify my Gratitude for your Intereſt. [*Gives Money.*

Mort. Sir *Maiden*, you may depend upon me on the like, or any other occaſion———I am a little buſy now.

Sir *Maiden Bat.* My good Lord and Preſerver, I am your moſt obliged and moſt obedient. [*Exit.*

Mort. A ſenſible Man! of my Word, he has a right Notion of Favours———but, *Sly!*

Sly. My Lord.

Mort. You keep diligent watch on *Mountacute*, *Delamore*, *Leiceſter* and *Exeter*.

Sly. They cannot move a Finger, pleaſe your Honour, but I, and my Emiſſaries know it.

Mort. See you have a ſtrict Eye, and from time to time let *Turrington* and *Nevill* know what paſſes———Send in *Secret*——— [*Exit* Sly. The weight of private and publick Affairs hangs ſo very heavy upon my Shoulders, that were it not for the Queen, I don't know what I ſhould do; nay, all I can, do *Mountacute* and his deviliſh Faction undo.

Enter Secret.

Secret. I attend your Lordſhip's Pleaſure.

Mort. Here, carry theſe Heads to my Lord *Sheep-hook*, with my Service, and bid him draw them up as ſevere as poſſible; and this Bill to *Swearwell*, for his ſecret Service of impeaching twenty of our Enemies.

Secret. They are below, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, with Serjeant *Eitherſide*.

Mort. Well, then, diſpatch thoſe two, and let the other come up. [*Exit* Secret

What with Solicitations, Envy and keepin.

Things eaſy and quiet among my Creatures, I'm even plagued out of my Senſes———Were it not for fear of being called to Account, I'd lay all my Employments down, and think myſelf happy.

Enter Serjeant Eitherſide *and* Secret.

Serjeant *Eitherſide*, how do you? I hope your Brother-in-law Serjeant *Huddle-Cauſe* is well. I am glad to ſee you———you are my old Friend and Acquaintance — let me ſee———above 20 Years ſtanding—ha! is it not ſo?

Serj. Your Lordſhip hits the Mark of Time exactly, and I proteſt the Honour you have done me requires Acknowledgments beyond the Talents I am endowed withal; let me therefore, avoiding Prolixity, profoundly celebrate your Lordſhip's Praiſes, and acquaint the World, that the Favours you have placed on me your Creature, exalt me to the Pinnacle of Ambition, and as an incumbent Duty, oblige me to conſecrate myſelf and Poſterity to your Lordſhip's Pleaſure ———Give me Admittance therefore moſt humbly to pay this Tribute of Duty, and with it the Orizons of many happy Years.

Mort. The Man ſpeaks well, (*weighs the Purſe*) there is weight in his Words—a great Sign of an able Pleader———How does your Niece?

Serj. My Lord!

Mort. How does your Niece, I ſay? What art thou deaf?

Serj. She's very well, my gracious Lord, and happy that your Lordſhip takes notice of her.

Mort. I never ſaw her, but am told ſhe is a very pretty Girl, and notable too.

Serj. She is reckoned ſo, my Lord; but there is nothing like ſeeing to be convinced — If your Lordſhip pleaſes, I will go and fetch her.

Mort. Do ſo—thou'lt oblige me —— (*Exit* Eitherſide) This *Eitherſide* is a Fellow of rare Parts, and eminent Practice: I have known him cheat twenty People, and they never the wiſer; but he is a better Pimp ſtill, he makes nothing of ruining his own Fleſh and Blood. *Secret.*

Secret. Such Men are wanting to fill the Bench withal, and I hope he may ſtand fair in your Lordſhip's Intereſt in the next Remove. He'd perform his Part rarely: He is no charitable, conſcientious timerous Fellow, but a thorough paced Lawyer, and mighty hearty in the Cauſe.

Mort. Sayeſt thou ſo Man! and by my Honour it was well thought on. If theſe peuking, velvet-hearted, wary Knaves, that pretend to Scruples, ſeem averſe to comply with the Queen's Deſires any longer, they ſhall make room for more deſerving Perſons—I do admire they have ſo little Grace as to receive a plentiful Salary, and make no return for it.

Secret. I will pawn my Soul for him———His Temper may be moulded to what uſe occaſion ſhall require; beſides, his Wants will prompt him to comply: his Gains are not ſufficient to maintain his Family as his Wife would have it; for ſhe loves to go fine as moſt of them do; and for a new Gown would make him give away the juſteſt Cauſe in the World: His Eſtate too is mortgaged paſt Recovery to maintain her Pride.

Mort. But his Niece, *Secret*, his Niece!

Secret. Oh, ſhe is the prettieſt Creature my Eyes ever looked on! ſuch a Compoſition of Fleſh and Blood! ſo witty! ſo modeſt! ſo alluring!———

Mort. And ſuch a Companion I want, for I am grown ſo melancholly of late, that I am not what I was. If ſhe is of a coming Nature, ſhe is made for ever: I grow aged; this turmoiling in the Government wearies me out ſtrangely.—— I want, like the Heathen Monarchs, my *Seraglio*, to refreſh me after the Buſineſs of the Day——— And is ſhe tractable ſay you?

Secret. Eaſy as Innocence itſelf.

Mort. He ſhall be a Judge——I am much refreſhed with the thoughts that I can ſerve the Nation and my ſelf ſo luckily——but is ſhe ſuch a pretty, ſweet, dapper Piece of *Beauty?* I will make thee a great Man before it be long.

Secret. My Lord, ſhe is whatſover you can fancy; nor can you ſtretch your Thoughts into Imagination, but ſhe exceeds it in Subſtance--but ſee the Angel, with her Uncle.

Enter Serjeant Eitherſide, *and his Niece* Maria.

Mort. Secret, retire——— [*Exit* Secret. A glorious Woman! how her Eyes ſparkle! and how the Blood juts in and out upon her Cheeks, as if it hoped ſome good were coming toward her! ——Come, ſweet one——[*Kiſſes.*] her Lips are made of Velvet, ſmooth, ſoft and pliable. *Serjeant*, as I told you before, I have a great Kindneſs for you, and hearing that you had a Niece of worthy Education, whoſe Merits ſpoke her Praiſe, (O you are a little Tempter!) I can do no leſs, having your Preferment in my Eye, than while I was doing good for you in ſome meaſure, to advance your Niece's Fortune——My Houſe wants ſuch a ſober, diſcreet, young Woman to manage it; and by the way, I muſt call you my Lord.

Serj. Oh, Sir!

Mort. Indeed I muſt——the Queen upon my Requeſt doth confer the Office of a Judge on you, as you deſerve; and for ought I know, you may be in a little time Chief-Juſtice——This I have done, my Friend, to ſerve you: But to the Matter; what ſay you Mr. *Serjeant*, (my Lord, I beg your Pardon) are you willing to put your Niece under my Care and Protection? Ha!

Serj. My Lord, you ſo highly oblige me, I am ſtruck ſilent with the manner of it —— A *Judge*, *Chief Juſtice!* I am confounded with the Honour—— my Lord, the Maid is whatever you pleaſe to make her.

Mort. Then, I'll make a Woman of her ſpeedily. ——What ſay you, pretty Lady? I am a weak Man, and have but few Relations, who are all well provided for, thank Heav'n, and my own good Management!——ſo that, if I do well, I'll make your Fortune; if I die, you ſhall have no Cauſe to repent.

Maria. Would thou wert dead! muſt I then be the Sacrifice to my Uncle's Ambition? Be ſteady Vir-

tue

true, and assist me Heaven; tho' poor, I will not be base——Oh *Mountacute!* [*Aside.*

Mort. What say you Fair One?

Maria. In any honest way I should be proud to serve your Lordship, and obey my Uncle.

Mort. Pretty Innocence!———

Serj. He may in time make her his Heir; at least her Fortune is made, and I am freed of a Burden. [*Aside.*] My worthy Lord, her Mind and mine are all one, and will take any Impression your Lordship shall stamp on 'em—A Judge! Wife be of Comfort; thy Chariot shall be turned into a Coach; thy Pew at Church be stripped of Bayes, and lined with Velvet; and thou shalt take Place of my Lady *Mayoress* Niece—You were born under a happy Planet, Huzzy—Fortune throws herself into your Lap—make use on't while 'tis offer'd—A Lord! Oh, lack a day! I cannot contain my Extasy.

Mort. Have you considered little One of the Offer? you shall command in chief, and no Harm shall come to you.

Maria. I hope not,

Mort. Fear it not.

Maria. I trust in your Honour.

Serj. Niece, you must not talk so impertinently—incline your Mind and Body as his Lordship shall think fit.

Maria. I must beg to be excused there, good Uncle.

Mort. I am overjoyed I can serve my old Friend.—Well, Child, I will take care of you—My Lord, within two Days your Patent shall be ready: I would discourse a little with your Niece in private.

Serj. I'll leave her with your Lordship.

Mort. Pray call me Brother Lord—we are both Lords now.

Serj. Then, Brother-Lord———Oh pretty! I'll leave her with your Brother Lordship.

Mort. Do, do.

Maria. How? Will you leave me alone with a Man, Uncle.

Serj. Peace, Baggage—Uncle! I am a Judge.

I'll

I'll make the Knaves that brought the Extent againſt me ſmoak —— A Judge! I will feague the Rogues. Brother-Lord, I am your Brother-Lordſhip's moſt humble, and eternally engaged Servant and Judge.

Mort. Oh, my Lord Judge, your Friend——

[*Goes to the Door and locks it.*

Maria. Ha! What now!

But *Mountacute*, I will not wrong my Love to Thee--
I have kept it pure, unſullyed, hitherto,
And will, ſpite of this mighty Man,
And mightier Villain Uncle:

Mort. My dear Child, I ſhall reſpect thy Uncle infinitely for thy ſake. Nay, be not baſhful, I am thy Friend, thy Governour, and thou art become my particular Care—— Here, here is Gold for thee —— thou ſhalt have more than thou can'ſt carry!

Maria. I can never deſerve this Bounty; nor can I gueſs why it is you bribe your Servant thus —— indeed you make me bluſh.

Mort. Fye, fye, you muſt not bluſh at a Bribe— it is my way, Child —— but I have given thee my Heart, and am going to put my Body into thy Poſſeſſion.

Maria. For Heaven's ſake! as you have Honour.

Mort. Yes, yes, you ſhall find I have Honour, and Courage both—— come, come this way, Child ——

[*Forcing her into the Chamber.*

Maria. Nay, pray, my Lord, do no Violence.— As I live here's a Gentleman to your Lordſhip!

Mort. Pox of his Impertinence! Could he find no other Time but now——but go, go—— into that Room——I'll be with you preſently——nay, go; all ſhall be well, and I will be civil.

[*Puts her off and locks her in.*

Enter Turrington.

Well, *Turrington.*

Turr. My Lord, the Gueſts you expected are come, ſeated and ſeem impatient———

Mort. For the Repaſt to be ſure.

Turr. Nay, they ſeem indeed ſharp ſet———

Mort. The ſharper the better for my Buſineſs.

Turr.

Turr. I heard my Lord *Cramdown* ſay, he had not broke his Faſt this Half Hour.

Mort. Poor Gentleman! I am afraid he will be ſtarved if he faſts half another —— Is every thing ready?

Turr. Every thing my Lord—— the Sauces are all prepar'd.

Mort. Well then, I'll be with them—— They are above bribing, they ſay; let us ſee if we cannot eat and drink them into better Underſtanding.

And when I have diſpatch'd 'em, I'll repair
To finiſh Matters with th' impriſon'd Fair.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE CONTINUED.

Enter Turrington *and* Nevill.

TURRINGTON.

AFFAIRS ſeem veering, and the Fane of *Edward*,
Which hitherto has pointed to our Wiſhes,
Now turns againſt us. Out of what Corner
Comes this blaſt of Change? It is ſudden.
All are as huſh as Murderers when eſcaping.
Privacy, the Waiting-woman's Virtue, is in uſe,
And the young Prince has left his darling Sports
For cloſer Studies.

Nevill. 'Tis odd; and we muſt arm againſt it —— juſt now
I would have paſſed the Anti-chamber,
And a ſtarched Fellow grimly ſtop'd my Paſſage.
I asked the Knave by whoſe Authority
He barr'd my Entrance; he reply'd moroſely,
'Twas by my Betters, and he would obey them:
Then, I demanded if the Raſcal knew me?

Turr. What ſaid he then?

Nevill. Hé anſwered better than I knew my ſelf;
Bid me return; there was no room for Scouts.
The ill-bred Dog had ſurely ſtood corrected,

Had

Had not old *Leiceſter*, *Berkley*, *Exeter*,
With buſy Faces come into the Room.
To theſe he turn'd the Key—ſaid they were ſtaid for.
Turr. Theſe froward Peers envy our Maſter's Fortune.
Some of 'em have been faulty againſt the Queen,
For which they were forbid the Royal Preſence,
And with a Sullenneſs withdrew from Court.
What brings 'em hither now is worth Enquiry:
Unſent for I am ſure they did not come;
For *Mortimer* and they, like jarring Elements,
Have conſtant Enmity, and muſt keep Diſtance.
Nevill. I wiſh it bodes not ill to th' common Cauſe———
But what this feaſting---what has that produc'd?
Has it encreas'd the Number of our Friends?
Turr. Not all the high-ſpic'd Viands there prepar'd,
Nor yet the oft-fill'd Goblet aught avail'd.
They ſtood it out to th' laſt; and ſaid, as far
As Juſtice went, they'd vote his Will-- No farther.
Nevill. Then, this is not a time to tell our Tale?
Turr. He muſt be told—— Our ſafety is concern'd.

SCENE *changes to another Apartment.*

Enter Mortimer *and Serj.* Eitherſide *with a Paper. He mumbles it over——Eyes* Mortimer, *and at laſt ſpeaks the ſuppoſed End.*

Serj. —— Formal Proceſs,
Let *Mountacute* be diſpatch'd, ſay you? ha! murder'd!
Mort. Why do you heſitate? I ſay, diſpatch'd:
Are you ſo ſqueamiſh you can't digeſt the Term?
Serj. No, my Lord, not I; but wou'd not lodging him in a Jail for his Life ſerve as well?
Mort. Away, Trifler—— do you make ſcruples? let me but hear another Syllable that contradicts what I've decreed, and thou art loſt for ever —— I will diveſt thee of thy Lordſhip; expoſe thee as a Sacrifice to the Rabble, and how they'll uſe thee, thy Conſcience beſt can tell.

Serj.

Serj. The Devil's in him, I muſt ſubmit —— I have run myſelf like Thieves, ſo far into ill Company, that now I would reform, my Aſſociates won't let me. [*Aſide.*] My Lord, I beſeech you be not angry: I did this only to ſound the Depth of your Lordſhip's Intentions; and ſince you are reſolv'd, he ſhall be diſpatch'd —— Murder'd —— any thing.

Mort. 'Tis well —— about it then.

Serj. I was born to ſerve your Honour. I will retrieve your Favour, tho' it be by turning Executioner myſelf; and will truſs up your Enemies with as little Regret, as a Farmer does the Moles that moleſt his Ground —— It ſhall be done, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Mort. This Fellow came from *Proteus*, the *Camelion* changes not faſter ——How now! Your Buſineſs?

Enter Turrington *and* Nevill.

Tur. 'Tis of Importance: ſtand upon your Guard;
For *Berkley*, *Exeter*, and many others,
Who not long ſince were baniſh'd from the Court,
Are now with *Edward* cloſe lock'd up with Him.

Mort. Ha!

Nevill. By Heavens, 'tis true —— we ſaw 'em enter.
We wou'd have follow'd 'em, but were deny'd;
Nay, order'd to retire——and the Out-Courts
Are fill'd with rough-hew'd Slaves, who guard the Lords.

Mort. Withdraw to my Apartment —— I'll come preſently. [*Exe.* Tur. *and* Nev.
How's this? ſo cunning, Boy? Damnation!
Are ye upon the Catch, my Politicians?
That *Exeter*'s the Devil for a Stateſman,
And muſt be the Guide o' th' Council too, or Nothing.
The ſubtle Fiend has left and ſought more Parties
Than all the Cabinet-Pack ſhuffled together.
He was for us, but faulter'd when he found

My Intereſt greater in the Queen than his.
He had rather be the Foreman of a Jury,
Than ſecond in the Council of Four hundred.
Why he and *Berkley* ever have been Foes;
Conſtantly jealous of each others Greatneſs;
And tho' they both have lik'd each other's Meaſures,
Still Contradiction was their practis'd Spight:
But in this Cauſe, 'tis probable they'll join;
And to ſecure it, give their Spleen Ceſſation.
What's to be thought on?

Enter Queen.

Qu. What always muſing, ever melancholly?
Beware of the Infection; none ſo wretched
As thoſe poſſeſſed of Jealouſy and Doubts.

Mort. But, Madam, mine's a Subject calls for Thought:
No vain Chimæra, but a juſt Occaſion:
Nevill and *Turrington* have brought Advice,
And I am ſorry I muſt tell it you,
Thoſe ſaucy Peers, who vilify'd your Crown,
Not ſparing Cenſure of your private Actions,
Are giving vile Inſtructions to your Son;
Learning the pliant Youth how he may ſhake
The Fetters of Obedience off betimes,
While eagerly he liſtens to the Charm,
And ſmiles to hear himſelf ſaluted King.

Queen. Is it poſſible?

Mort. You be the Judge; for you it moſt concerns.
Since *Mountacute* has whiſtled to this Sterling,
All his Apartments have been cloſely kept;
New Waiters plac'd, thoſe you aſſign'd, diſcharg'd,
Leſt they might do their Duty, and inform.
Tell me, my Royal Miſtreſs, can you bear
The Hand of Limitation and Controul?
Can you with Eaſe reſign the glorious Throne
Into the Hands of *Exeter* and *Berkley*?

Queen. Diſtraction's in the Thought!

Mor. Can ſhe obey, who always did command?
Can ſhe retire, who ever liv'd in Splendor;

Nay,

Nay, thought the World too ſcanty for her Greatneſs,
Accept a private Penſion, ſmall Attendance,
And live by him whoſe Soul from hers took being?
Whilſt I muſt to their long-grown Malice bow,
Or die, or live on infamous Conditions.
Nay, bluſh not, Madam, this muſt all be done,
And more, when theſe be *Edward*'s Governors.

Queen. That ne'er ſhall be, and *Iſabella* living:
Be thou as once, when *Spencer*, *Gaveſton*,
The Minions of my Husband, did attempt
To curb my Will, and I defy'd them all:
No, *Mortimer*, if I could give him Death,
Think'ſt thou this feeble *Spawn*, his ſlender Offſpring,
Bred when I wiſh'd a Barrenneſs upon me,
That he ſhall baulk the Meaſures of my Soul?

Mort. She fires. [*Aſide.*

Queen. Can the froward Chit believe, becauſe my Son,
I'd ſtill him with a Play-thing call'd a Crown,
And live myſelf on Curteſy of State,
The Fragments of the Grandeur I had left?
Periſh ten Sons e'er ſuch a Fit poſſeſs me!

Mort. There ſpoke a *Queen*; this is true Majeſty.
Appear, and like the Planet of the Day,
Diſperſe the ſullen Fogs that cloud your Luſtre.
Since *Mountacute* and *Holland*, *Exeter* and the reſt,
Have ſoar'd, like *Icarus*, beyond their Bounds,
The waxen Wings ſhall melt in your bright *Beams*,
And find in Floods Rewards for their Ambition.

Qu. They fall, my *Mortimer*; they ſink for ever.
I will viſit ſtrait theſe cloſe Conſpirators,
Who think themſelves ſo huſh'd in their Deſigns;
As for this Rebel-Son, he is a Diſeaſe,
And I will purge the Venom from my Blood,
As if a Leproſy had compaſſed me:
I will have no Competitors in Power.
If in the Father's Time I rul'd alone,
I'll never yield that Honour to the Son:
Hard ſhall he tug if he will have the Sway;

And if at laſt 'tis forc'd and rack'd away,
As I ſhall ſcorn the Conqueſt to outlive,
This ſhall a Period to his Triumph give.

[*Shews a Dagger*] *Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment.*

Enter Serjeant Eitherſide *and* Maria; *he pulling her in.*

Serj. Come in, you Baggage, you run-away Thief——It is well I met you: I would not have had you gone Home for 5000 *l.*— Gads my Life, I had been unjudg'd before my Taylor had finiſhed my Robes — I ſhould not have had the Satisfaction of ſeeing how Scarlet becomes me, and your Aunt wou'd have turn'd you out of Doors.

Maria. Why wou'd you leave me then alone with him? He wou'd have forc'd me——

Serj. To have pleaſed yourſelf; come, come, no more Words [*pulling out a Handkerchief, drops a Paper, which ſhe takes up*] away with your buts, your ifs, and your yets, and join Iſſue immediately, or you're nonſuited-- Muſt I be forc'd to uſe my Authority? don't provoke me, leſt you ſink under the Weight of a Judge's Diſpleaſure-- We are dreadful Fellows in Power! therefore have a Care.

Maria. This new Honour has certainly craz'd my Uncle! o' my Conſcience, rather than be degraded, he wou'd ſtand by this Devil of *Mortimer* himſelf, till he performed the Deed of Darkneſs-- Pray, Sir, let me go Home.

Serj. If you will go to the Place from whence you came, you ſhall thence to the Place of Execution, where you ſhall be Hang'd till you're half Dead, and then be cut into four Quarters, and your Bowels burnt for high, Swinging-high-Treaſon, in Rebelling againſt the Sovereign Authority of my unſpotted Ermin.

Maria. This Crime will make it foul:
Black as Hell's Practice, or the Trade of Perjury.
What to do I know not: If I refuſe, I loſe his Favour, and that's my Bread: If I comply, then farewell Reputation and Peace of Mind.

Serj.

Serj. What, again at a ſtand? Why, you perplex the Cauſe worſe than an Evidence that's Deaf and Dumb, and is only to be underſtood by Signs —— Go to, and know your Duty, for I expect an Obedience as if I were your Father. You're my adopted Child, and bound to ſubmit to my Commands, if the ancient Meaſures of divine and human Laws are of any Force; and if they are not, I'll make new Ones on this Occaſion.

Maria. Commond my Life, and I'll freely give it; but this is ſuch a Task, I cannot think upon't, but Horror ſeizes me.

Serj. Whence comes theſe Fits, in the Devil's Name? they're not of the Mother, I'm ſure: She wou'd have ſwallow'd ſuch an Offer, and have made no Bones on't.

Maria. Diſpoſe of me any ways but this; tho' it be to my Death, I'll thank you for't; but to give myſelf up to the lewd Embraces of a Perſon I mortally Hate, is far more terrible, and I had rather ſtarve than gain a Fortune on ſuch baſe Conditions.

Serj. Conditions! Why, thou perverſe Chit of a wanton Generation, how cam'ſt thou thus baſtardiz'd? huſwife, huſwife, if you won't lie with him, you will with ſomebody you like better, and I'll make you accept of my Choice, or turn you out of Doors with your Load of Virtue, inſtead of a Portion, and ſee how the ſtarving your Spirit will agree with the Pride of your Fleſh.

Maria. What ſhall I do? what Courſe ſhall I ſteer?

Serj. That which tends to the making you rich and happy.

Maria. I ſhall be ruin'd.

Serj. You ſhall be made.

Maria. A Whore.

Serj. Why, you peremptory Carrion, who thrives that are otherwiſe? He's a wiſe Man, and will be careful of your Honour in regard of his own; and, to my Knowledge, 'tis ſafer truſting your Virtue in his Hands, than Money in a Banker's —— True, he is a little waggiſh, or ſo; alas! Child, that's nothing

thing---learned Men are of Opinion, that warming the Blood by being now and then Facecious, is very conducing to Health—— Gads, my Life, he's here Niece —— if you have any Reſpect for yourſelf and me, play the Part of an underſtanding Woman, and make uſe of the Time—— have a Care——I ſhall watch you——— [*Going.*

Enter Mortimer.

Mort. Ho! Brother Lord--a Word before you go.

Serj. What Commands has my moſt illuſtrious Prop of Preferment! Any thing new, my Lord.

Mort. Happy News for you ——— I always thought you would be a great Man; why the Queen, by me, puts an Opportunity into your Hands of being greater ſtill.

Serj. How! does her Majeſty think upon the loweſt of her Subjects? I ſhall never be able to repay ſuch Goodneſs —— can I ſerve her, my Lord?

Mort. Why, no body elſe; ſhe has try'd the Judges already, and they are reſtiff like ſo many tired Horſes.

Serj. What is it, my Lord? what is it?--how does your Lordſhip like my Niece? is ſhe courteous?

Mort. Charmingly, Charmingly —— but to our Buſineſs; there are a Parcel of froward Perſons, that ſtand upon their Privileges becauſe they are Peers, and, you muſt know, are very unmannerly both to the Queen and myſelf. Now they were ordered to be proſecuted with *Mountacute*, and the Knaves in Scarlet refuſed, pretending they were above their Cognizance.

Serj. How! above their Cognizance! who are they? let me know 'em, and their Crimes, and if I do not Caſe 'em up, uncaſe me--But what will become of me if a Parliament ſhould be ſummon'd?

Mort. Oh! fear it not; the Queen will never call a Parliament, leſt they might Queſtion her, as well as you; therefore be ſtanch.

Serj. Twiſt a Whip, I'll go thro' ſtitch, my Lord——I'll wade thro' thick and thin, 'till I'm made Chief Juſtice, or Chancellor. [*Exit.*

Mort

Mort. 'Tis well, my little wandring *Jew*, you came back as you did, elſe you had loſt a Lover. Say then, can'ſt thou love me? Speak, and make me happy, and thy ſelf illuſtrious.

Maria. I muſt feign a Compliance, 'till I'm out of his Power. [*Aſide*] Good Sir, ſpare the Trouble, and let my Bluſhes ſpeak my Heart.

Mort. What! muſt I then be forc'd to bribe my Judge e'er ſhe will give her Opinion --- here, there's Gold for thee — nay, nay, take it —— ſhe has nick'd me 'faith; my own Way exactly; the Method I follow to a Tittle —— but my Sentence ———

Maria. I am not as I was, yet cannot tell my Ailing. Since I have ſeen you, Sir, my Heart doth throb and beat, as if 'twou'd have Liberty.

Mort. Caught, by my Honour! ſhe's in, and at this rate; there will be no Occaſion for Violence. [*Aſide.*

Maria. And when you ſpeak of Love, your Words pierce me--I find a pleaſing Shivering ſeize on me, and I grow giddy with the unuſual Joy.

Mort. In Love, the Experience of thirty could not have demonſtrated better —— Come, Child, I'll repay it with double Intereſt —— I have a thouſand fine Curioſities within my Cloſet, which thou ſhalt be Lady of immediately.

Maria. Oh, Heavens! What have I done? I've fool'd myſelf into a Snare——— But bleſſed Deliverance! my Uncle.

Re-enter Serjeant Eitherſide, *confus'd, and looking round the Room for the Paper he dropp'd.*

Mort. Pox on this Raſcally Serjeant! the Fellow has forgot all Manners ſince I made him a Judge——— how now, my Lord! what brings you ſo ſoon back?

Serj. My Lord! ——— [*Looking round.*

Mort. Have you loſt any thing?

Serj. Loſt any thing! odds ſo, I muſt not ſay I've loſt the Paper he gave me for the World---- 'Tis as much as my Judgſhip is worth. [*Aſide.*

No,

No, my Lord —— yes I have loſt, I may ſay, all Patience with this untowardly Girl, here.

Mort. Come, come, Brother, don't chide her, led me tell you ſhe mends apace —— ſhe is not half ſo ſqueamiſh as ſhe was.

Serj. Verily, I rejoice to find the Wench has Grace at laſt —— Many a Leſſon have I read her, and many an aching Heart have I had for fear ſhe ſhould rebel againſt my paternal Tenderneſs, and become graceleſs.

Mort. But now, Child, tell your Uncle there's no fear on't,

Maria. I hope, my Lord, there is not.

Serj. I'll tell you, my Lord, your ſhy Cocks, for the moſt part, fight the beſt Battle.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, here's a ſaucy, impertinent, inſolent ſort of a Man below, ſays, he muſt and will ſpeak to your Lordſhip —He's not to be ſaid nay.

Mort. Muſt ſpeak with us! what wants he? what is he? doſt know?

Gent. His Buſineſs, he ſaid, was with the Maſter, and not with the Man; and looks one of the meaner Citizens.

Mort. No Citizen of Rank durſt uſe any of my Dependents in that rough Manner; however, ſend him up, let's ſee this abrupt Raſcal; if his Intelligence be not pleaſing, he ſhall pay dear for this Interruption. [*Exit* Gent.

Serj. I find, my Lord, you are uneaſy at your being ſo open to Buſineſs; nor can you be private here, indeed, as Love requires — What thinks your Lordſhip of my Houſe? there you may be ſecure.

Mort. You adviſe well, and as becomes your Robe —— Nothing better — as ſoon as I've diſpatched this Wretch, I'll attend you.

Enter Felt.

Felt. A hard Caſe, truly ---- becauſe I have not fine Cloaths on, forſooth, I muſt be abuſed by a Pack of Scoundrels here. *Mort.*

Mort. What's the Matter, Friend? Why ſo angry?

Felt. Why, to be plain with your Honour, that Porter of yours is a Hangman-looking Dog; a griping, skinny Raſcal, and puſh'd the Door in my Face, becauſe I would not daub his ugly Fiſt, forſooth.

Serj. Hark ye, Maſter, take Care what you ſay— you're before a Judge, do you ſee me—— you know the Penalty of inſulting the Servant of a Perſon in his Lordſhip's high Station? Let me tell you, Friend, 'tis *Scandalum magnatum.*

Felt. Be what it will, Perſons in high Station ſhould teach them better Manners then.

Mort. Upon what Provocation was all this?

Felt. Provocation, an pleaſe you! No more than I give your Honour now —— I only ſaid I had paid Scot and Lot, and gone thro' all the Offices of the Pariſh, as you in the Government; and wiſh'd my Country perhaps as well as your Lordſhip. I hope a Body may ſay ſo much without Offence.

Serj. Item, Scandalum magnatum, in extremo. — Offence with all my Heart! Why, can there be a greater than to ſpeak irreverently of Publick Miniſters?

Mort. Prithee, no more of this Impertinence, but to the Buſineſs.

Felt. I come, my Lord, in the Name of all my Fellow-Citizens, to demand Juſtice, in behalf of a poor Man that was inveigled to give his Vote for 20 Marks; but the Purchaſer not getting his Election, has ſince thrown him in Jail for't, which we think a very hard Caſe.

Mort. The Plaintiff's Name?

Felt. Sir *Nettle Bribevote*, an pleaſe you.

Mort. Ha! ſpeak again.

Felt. Why, Sir *Nettle Bribevote*, an pleaſe you.

Mort. Know'ſt thou what thou ſay'ſt? He's a Friend of ours, and incapable of a baſe Action.

Felt. Let him be whoſe Friend he will, the

Action's lodg'd, and 'tis a ſhame the poor Man ſhould be kept in Hold any longer.

Mort. How now! doſt thou preſume to direct us?

Felt. Marry, ſome People want Direction.

Mort. Inſolence! be gone, or———

Felt. I thought as much—— [*Exit grumbling.*

Serj. Come, my Lord, this beggarly Elf is beneath your Notice.

Mort. He is ſo——— therefore, my Lord, we'll loſe no Time —— I accept of your Invitation.

Serj. Your Lordſhip does me inexpreſſible Honour—— Huzzy! You'll be ſure to follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Maria. They are gone, and thank Heaven, I am once more delivered from the Brink of Deſtruction———ſo, now let me gratify my Curioſity [*Takes a Paper out of her Boſom, and reads it.*] Good Heaven! what do I ſee! the very Scroll of Death——— Directions in what Manner to proceed againſt *Mountacute!*——— Be but propitious Stars, and I will make this Inſtrument of Villany the Guide by which I'll ſteer this almoſt ſinking Bark thro' all the Rocks which threaten his Deſtruction —— it will bring me to his Right———bleſſed Accident!

And tho' my Fortune can't expect his Love,
My generous Care of him He muſt approve.

End of the third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE *Mountacute's Houſe.*

Enter Mountacute *and* Holland.

MOUNTACUTE.

ALL things move forward with a proſperous Breeze,
And we ſhall reach the Harbour of Succeſs,
Sooner than we believ'd. 'Tis now in View:
Heav'n ſeems as if it took peculiar Care,
Promiſing Safety to the Royal Cauſe,
Inſpires the King, who ſteers the mighty Bark,
Keeping him ſteady in his Reſolution.

Sir *Robt. Holl.* 'Tis wonderful indeed; it ſhews the Hand
Of Providence is with us: Never Prince
Was grac'd with ſo much Knowledge as young *Edward.*
Conſidering his Years, 'tis wonderful.
He weighs with all the Gravity and Thought
Of an experienc'd Stateſman what's propos'd,
Still as he ſpeaks, the Accent of each Word
Keeps proper Time, and points to his Revenge.

Mount. His Ears are open to the Nation's groans;
He credits now the Baſeneſs of the Queen,
In the Support of baſer *Mortimer,*
Who magnifies his Miſchiefs by Succeſs,
And thrives i'th' Eye of Heav'n.

Sir *Robt. Holl.* Tax not the Pow'rs above, leſt we are forſaken:
They often ſuffer what they don't approve.
Their Vengeance makes us know why we are puniſh'd:
Such Viſitations whet our Penitence;
Create Reflections on the inward Cauſe;
For Conſcience is the Mirror of our Souls,
Which repreſents the Errors of our Lives
In their full Shape.

Mount. But tell me Friend what Meſſage is return'd

From *Exeter* and *Berkley*? Will they come?
Or chuſe they rather tamely to be noozed?
Sir *Robt. Holl.* Be not too raſh, for they are
Men of Worth.
Do not believe, becauſe they left the Court,
Retreating to their quiet rural Seats,
Where they might gorge the Vulture of their
Minds,
They're cold, or ſtupid when their Honour calls.
No *Mountacute*, believe me, they have heard,
That in the Roll of Fame there yet remains
One Chance, one glorious Lot, that's worthy ha-
zard,
Whereby the Kingdom's Fate may be retriev'd.
Rouz'd with the Summons, they have wing'd
their Haſte,
Vying who ſhall become the ſecond *Curtius*.
Mount. Why, ſo it was with *Leiceſter*, when firſt
I told the glorious Action new in Hand:
He, like ſome Lion, almoſt ſtiff with Eaſe,
Lolling at length within his antick Cave,
Takes the Alarm of the Huntſman's Sound,
At which he ſtretches out his well-grown Limbs;
Bruſtles his horrid Main, and furls his Tail;
Stalks to to the Field, and ſwells to meet the Foe.
Sir *Robt. Holl.* They meet this Night at Coun-
cil, where they'll find
Matter prepar'd ſufficient to inſpire 'em.
Mount. All join; the Nobles, Gentry and the
Commons:
The Chain is rivetted; the wreſty People,
Whoſe Rights and Privileges are uſurp'd,
No longer free, but all in Vaſſalage,
Are ripe for Miſchief, ready for Rebellion.
They wait from us the Signal when to dole
The Act of Juſtice —— wou'd the Cry were up,
That I might ſee theſe Manglers of the Realm
Drove to the Shambles, and expos'd as Beaſts.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Gentlewoman waits to ſpeak
with you.

Mount.

Mount. Conduct her in. [*Exeunt* Servant.

Sir *Robt. Holl.* I'll take my Leave——at ſix we meet again. [*Exit.*

Mount. I ſhall not fail.

Re-enter Servant with Maria.

Your Buſineſs, Fair One?

Maria. When I ſhall tell the Subject of my Errand,
Perhaps it may deſerve Attention;
But I muſt requeſt your privacy,

[*Nods at the Servant, who* exits.

Mount. You are obey'd — by Heaven a charming Creature!
Now ſpeak your Pleaſure, Madam.

Maria. I come, my Lord, a Suppliant from a Maid,
Who for ſome Years has ey'd your noble Worth;
And tho' her Birth, nor Fortune can pretend
To merit that Return ſhe long has ſigh'd for,
Yet ſo her partial Deſtiny has order'd,
She ſtill admires your Perſon and your Virtues.

Mount. Well, my fair Suitreſs, whither does this tend?

Maria. With Silence hitherto ſhe has concealed
The ſaucy Flame, oft ſtrove to ſtifle it;
Yet rather than her Folly ſhould be known,
She let it prey upon her vital Parts,
Hoping at laſt 'twould end her hapleſs Days,
And her ambitious Love die unrevealed.

Mount. That was unkindly done, ſhe could not doubt Succeſs,
When ſhe had one ſo fair to plead her Cauſe.

Maria. The Diſproportion is ſo great between ye,
That ſhe muſt ſtill deſpair, and ſtill love on.
Fortune has placed her, where you moſt abhor:
Diſeaſes, Infamy, or Death it ſelf,
You would not ſhun with more precipit Haſte,
If I ſhould Name the Perſon; yet even there,
Amidſt the Toil and Anguiſh of her Life,
A happy Moment did preſent it ſelf,
To make her be the lucky Meſſenger

Of

Of Health to you, tho' ſhe muſt ever linger.
Mount. I'll ſpare the trouble of your Bluſhes, Lady;
For I've a Soul ſo tender of the Sex,
Skill'd in the little Niceties of Love,
As ſhall prevent the Torture of Confeſſion,
And do you Juſtice.
[*Takes her by the Hand, which ſhe pulls from him.*
Maria. You wrong your Judgment, and you cenſure ill:
I came not hither, Sir, on that Account:
No looſe Deſires, the Product of ill Blood,
Can blaſt the Reputation of my Life:
My Honour guards me from that Infamy;
But I am hurry'd hither by my Fate,
And bring a Secret of great Importance,
The Service poſſibly may merit Pity;
Which if I meet with, I am well rewarded.
Mount. I do believe it, and accept the Offer---
Come, wave this Woman's Method to allure us,
You're ſafe and ſecret here--none can diſturb us:
And I'll give you ſuch Returns of Love;
Such hearty Proof, thou ſhalt ſoon be convinc'd,
Tho' it be Infant-born, it Rivals thine.
Maria. Away! --- How have I err'd! Are all Men thus?
Thus full of Guilt? ——— My Senſes do recover,
And I begin to loath the Tempter's Charms ——
Read that ——— [*Gives a Paper.*] for I muſt leave you ——— oh, my Heart!
If thou would'ſt be my Friend, beat faſter on,
And force thy Paſſage thro' theſe feeble Walls.
Mount. Yet ſtay ——— what have I here?
By all that's Sacred! peremptory Orders
For my Deſtruction! *Mortimer*'s Hand to't!
How came ſhe by this? ——— Now, I recollect;
She told me that her Fate had fix'd her where
I ſhould deteſt the Naming, if I knew it.
It muſt be ſo ——— well my Deliverer,
I thank you ——— by my Honour I'm ſincere!
This Scroll which thou haſt given ſpeaks thy Kindneſs, And

And ſays, thou art all Goodneſs, tho' the Place
Of thy Abode be with the worſt of Men.
Nor will I lag in making a Return,
[*Offers Money, which ſhe refuſes.*
Tho' at the preſent I am loſt in Thought.

Maria. I am rewarded, Sir, and have my End.
If you apply this Caution
To the right Uſe, you may eſcape the Snare;
But if you ſlight it, then I know the worſt;
For tho' I am no ſuitable Companion
In Life, yet in the Grave, we undiſtinguiſhed
May mingle Aſhes, tho' our Souls are diſtant.

Mount. You muſt not leave me; I have much to ſay.
The Injury I have done you by Suſpicion,
When my rude Thoughts led me into an Error,
I muſt attone.

Maria. This Language does not ſuit my humble Character;
Nor is it noble to deſpiſe my Sufferings.

Mount. By all my hopes of Credit I am real!
There's ſomething from thy Eyes hath ſhot my Soul,
And I could gaze for ever on ſuch Goodneſs.

Maria. Alas! my Lord, my Wiſhes ſtoop to Fear;
Your Dignity and Honour intervene.

Mount. What will not Gratitude with Love conjoin'd,
Remove? tell me no more of Honour, Dignity:
When Charms like thine appear, all muſt give place.

Maria. My Lord, I had a Father, and a noble one,
Whoſe Memory yet lives, tho' he is dead.
Men ſpoke him brave, if Loyalty can plead
In his Behalf----'twas Colonel *Stapleton.*

Mount. Thou charm'ſt me more ——
Why Loyalty's a Jem
Fit for a Prince's Crown.
I knew thy Father; gallant, worthy Man!

His

His ſufferings were remarkable and noble;
And thou art, Fair One, richer, ſprung from that,
Than had a Traytor, bleſs'd with Millions, got thee——
I'll to the King; aquaint him with thy Goodneſs:
His Safety is procur'd by this Precaution;
And ſure he'll recompence thy Loyalty.
With his Conſent we will for ever join;
Thy Virtues will in future Ages ſhine;
While untir'd Fame her matchleſs Worth ſhall ſing,
Who ſav'd her Country, Lover, and her King.

SCENE *changes to Serjeant* Eitherſide's.

Enter Mortimer *and* Eitherſide.

Mort. Thy Patent's ready — the Queen and I have thought thee deſerving of it.

Serj. Oh, Lord! how ſhall I ſpeak my Gratitude for ſuch heav'nly Goodneſs! ----- A Lord Chief Juſtice! Lud! I can't contain myſelf.

Mort. But the other Affair muſt be done to Night.

Serj. To Night muſt it be done?

Mort. This Night, the Queen's gone to her Son,
Who is in Council with theſe Men we've mention'd.
At dead of Night the Guards ſhall ſeize 'em all;
And, when they once are Pris'ners, ſee you take Care
That nothing frees 'em but an Ax or Gibbet.

Serj. But pray, what Evidence has your Lordſhip againſt 'em?

Mort. Dull Wretch! Have I againſt them?
Law and Religion ſure are uſeleſs grown,
When Prieſts want Vouchers, or a Judge Informers.
Think of the Management in *Edmund*'s Tryal,
And give theſe Lords his Fate.

Serj.

Serj. Well, well, my Lord, their Buſineſs ſhall be done.

Mort. Or they'll do ours —— I know their Subtleties:
They're ſilent Setters all, and cloſe;
Not apt to queſt, and give their Quarry Notice—
'Tis then the Net draws certain to Deſtruction.

Serj. Fear not my Diligence in diſpatching an Enemy; but 'twould do well to get the Queen to paſs an Order under the Broad-Seal for the ſpeedy removing 'em to *London*, and let her Son be kept here 'till they're diſpatch'd.

Mort. It ſhall be done——Is there ought elſe?

Serj. That's all——and I'll ſend up my Creatures before-hand to purchaſe a Jury for them. As for Evidence, there are poor Rogues in abundance, and the larger the Bribe, the ſtronger the Oath—— ſo adieu, my Lord! You'll find *Maria* in her own Room I reckon by this——I hope ſhe'll divert your Lordſhip in the mean time——Oh, Lud! a Chief Juſtice! [*Exit.*

Mort. What a Bundle of Self-Intereſt art thou! ——Tho' I love it in myſelf, I wonder at it in others——Well, now ſure I have nothing to fear either from her Reſiſtance, the Surprize of a ſaucy Interruption, or my own Impotency; but may revel ſafely 'till the deſtin'd Hour, that almoſt raiſes me to Sov'reignty. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace, diſcovers the* King, Leiceſter, Mountacute, Berkley, *Sir* Tho. Delamore, Holland *and* Exeter, *at Council.*

King. What will ye farther? This Scroll of *Mountacute*'s
Fully expreſſes the dire Fiend's Deſign.

Leiceſt. Time muſt ſuit the reſt——
Nor may we trifle dangerous Diſtempers
If they not meet a ſudden Oppoſition,
They baffle all Preſcription when too late,
And render Phyſick uſeleſs.

Exeter. 'Tis thoroughly adviſed——purſue it, Sir.
Sir *Tho. Dela.* Your murder'd Father, whom we oft admoniſh'd,
Nay, told him plainly what hath ſince enſu'd,
Laugh'd at our Cautions: Sir, you muſt be careful,
Or all is loſt beyond Recovery.
Exeter. If you perſiſt in what you ſeem to like,
Safety and Glory you will find attend it;
But if the Queen ſhould change you, farewel Power!
Let *Mortimer* the Place of *Edward* fill:
We are content to fall, if you are ſo.
King. I will obſerve Directions; weigh each Word;
Not vary from a Tittle———My Safety
Is with yours, as yours with mine, united.
Sure never Prince was ſav'd from greater Hazards,
Under the ſpecious Shew of Zeal to ſerve me.
What muſt I call you? Friends! that Name's too poor;
But yet a Friend will venture wond'rous Things,
When what we love is compaſs'd round with Danger.
Let me embrace ye all, and tell the World,
No Prince can match the Council I am bleſs'd with.
(Within.) I muſt acquaint the Prince, e're I admit your Majeſty.
Queen. Traytor!
Enter a Waiter, driven in by the Queen.
King. What means this Noiſe?
They all riſe, ſhe walks round 'em, comes to the Front and ſpeaks.
Queen. The Rumour then is true! I find it now;
But I much wonder, ye audacious Men,
That ye aſſemble here without my leave;
You who had fell, and juſtly for your Crimes,
Had not my Clemency excus'd your Lives.
Has Mercy harden'd your preſumptuous Hearts?
Or are you paſt Reproof?
Sir *Tho. Dela.* Madam, what have we done——
Queen. There is a better Man to anſwer me
Than *Delamore*, thou Uſher to theſe Schoolmen,
Who

Who in their Abſence ſets my Son ſuch Leſſons.
Mount. Then ſince your Majeſty———
Queen. Boys I could never liſten to——
Go, prattle with my Page.
Leiceſt. If I may ſpeak———
Queen.——Age is a Changling,
And languiſhes for Hoſpitals——You Sirs! I ſpeak
To *Exeter* and *Berkley*, who draw together
In the Team of Politicks; who ſent for you?
Be brief, and anſwer juſtly, as ye love your Lives.
Berk. That we eſteem our Lives is very plain:
Our Care o'th' King confirms it:
It is by his Command we here are met,
To argue his Propoſals, ſolve his Queſtions,
And, to the utmoſt of our Thoughts and Duty,
Preſerve the King in Grandeur, Peace and Safety.
Queen. The King!
Exeter. The King; to whom your Majeſty's no Stranger
Being ſo near related.
Queen. Unheard of Inſolence! Why, who am I?
Exeter. His Mother.
Queen. Traytor! there is another Title due to me.
Exeter. None that we know of.
Queen. Thou ly'ſt:
And I will ſtamp the Falſhood down thy Throat--
Unthankful Boy! how can'ſt thou ſuffer this,
And hear thy Mother talk'd ſo to by Slaves?
King. Madam, your Paſſion makes their Duty ſtagger:
You uſe 'em not like Noblemen, but Pedants.
Tho' Subjects, they have no Dependence on us;
And Majeſty's adorn'd, and ſerv'd by them,
Much more than is at all times fit to own.
'Tis true they are not ſafe but under Kings;
Nor can Kings flouriſh but by ſuch Aſſiſtance.
Queen. Indeed, Sir! You are grown a Diſputant,
And jabber Politicks moſt learnedly!——
Thou Tool, thou Inſtrument of Self Deſtruction!

Do'ſt think theſe State-Worms mean thee further Good,
Than what may ſerve to introduce their Own?
I tell thee, Counſellors are all alike,
And Princes know no more than they think fitting;
So whilſt his Glory does not injure theirs,
They are content they may grow great together.

Berk. Madam, this Doctrine may be prov'd elſewhere:
Where Power's unjuſtly us'd by ſad Permiſſion.
We have no Ends or Aim, but the King's Safety.
'Tis true, ſo far our own depends upon't:
The King's our Shepherd, born to protect his People;
And as the Lamb flies from the Wolf to him
That guards the Flock, ſo we ſeek Refuge here.
Life's all we hope for; indeed Life's all in all;
And 'tis ſo ſweet, that all are fond to ſave it.

King. Madam, in ſhort, I am of Age to govern,
And here aſſume the Right my Father left me.
Theſe I have choſe to be my worthy Guides;
This I reſolve, and ſtrait will make it good.

Queen Have I no Place? Am I a Cypher grown?
Will none afford a Place for Dignity?

King. Accept of mine.

Queen. No; this may ſerve your Mother:
[*Sits down at the End of the Table by* Leiceſter.
I will ſit here, with this good Man's Allowance.
Come, I'll be govern'd too——Pray, be my Friends,
As well as his for once.

Exeter. Nay, Madam, this we muſt not ſuffer neither.

[*They all retire from the Table.*

Queen. What am I left alone?
Am I infectious? Dare none ſit near the Plague?
Ungracious Boy! Is this thy filial Love?
This the return for all the Pangs and Throws
I ſuffer'd at thy Birth? This the Reward
For all my Sorrows, Cares, Anxieties,

Which

Which through thy ſickly Infancy poſſeſs'd me,
When many a weary Night bereft of Reſt,
I've ſlumber'd o'er thy Cradle, and bemoan'd
My own hard Fate? Now, it proves ſo indeed:
I've nurs'd a Viper, given an Adder Warmth;
Which, being grown to ſtrength forgets its Parent,
And covets preying on her Entrails--O! monſtrous Crime!

King. Nay, Mother, Mother ———

Exeter. Be not caught, Sir; theſe Tears like thoſe of *Syrens*,
Entice you but to leap to ſure Deſtruction.

Queen. Muſt he alone have Credit? Am I nothing?
Return e'er 'tis too late, I do conjure thee!
By all the Comforts thou haſt e'er receiv'd;
By all thy Duty due, which Heav'n commands,
Attend my Pray'rs, and throw th'envenom'd Robe
Off from thy Perſon e'er the Poiſon fix,
Or elſe thou art loſt for ever.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* Oh, Sir, be ſteady, or you ruin all!

King. I muſt retire, or I ſhall melt to Folly ——
Madam, I'm indiſpos'd, and muſt withdraw.

Queen. Come hither, Child, and reſt upon my Boſom:
I'll huſh thy Cares, and quiet thy Diſturbers,
As when I lull'd thee firſt.

Exeter. Away, Sir.

Queen. My Son.

Berk. Be deaf, Sir.

Queen. Edward, my only *Edward*, hear thy Mother.

King. Force me away, if you regard my Glory.

Mount. That ſhan't be wanting.

[*They force him away.*

[*Exeunt all but Queen.*

Queen. My Child! my Comfort! Darling! Prop of Life!———
I ſhall grow mad—I find the Furies ſeize me——
My Gall boils up, and I am all on Fire.———
Come then, Revenge, thou Banquet of the Gods,

And

And let me gorge my rav'nous Appetite.
Inſpire me, *Nemeſis*, thou ſubtleſt Fury;
Drive from my Soul the Weakneſs of my Sex,
And make me Maſculine in my Attempts.
Some Women have done Wonders in their Rage!
Why ſhould not I, for I have Cauſe prodigious?
Nature for ever here I baniſh thee:
Remorſe and Conſcience, Pity, all farewell;
Inſtruct me Malice, and aſſiſt me Hell.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *The* CASTLE.

Enter Mortimer *and* Maria, *dreſs'd fine.*

Mort. AY, my Charmer!——
Now thou look'ſt like what thou art,
But what thou ſhalt be the Event muſt tell.
Thou ſhalt prefer, take down, do as thou wilt; have a greater Court than the Queen, and be greater than her in Effect, as I am in Effect than the King? for I who command this Nation, am commanded by thee.

Maria. But, my Lord——

Mort. Not a Word more——I expect the Queen every Moment; and when this Night is over, all the reſt of my Nights and Days ſhall be at thy Devotion——Give thy Uncle this, (*giving a Paper*) 'tis a Commiſſion to take the Lives of ſix rank, ſtubborn, loyal Rogues, &c. who, when diſpatch'd——

Maria. Are they your Lordſhip's Enemies?

Mort. I know not what Prejudice they have to my Perſon, but they're Enemies to my Intereſt; and that's a Stateſman's Cauſe at all times——

There's

There's *Mountacute*, *Delamore*, *Holland*. (*Whiſpers.*)
——What a Feaſt will there be for the Hangman! but go, Love, go.——I feel Temptation creeping upon me, and it is not proper at this time to fall under it.

Maria. No, Villain, no!
Their Fates ſhall be revers'd—if this can plead,
It falls curſt *Mortimer*, on thy own Head. (*Aſide.*)
[*Exit.*

Mort. In what a comfortable Manner ſhall I ſpend the latter Part of my Life!
Now, Fears be gone——The noble Treaſon's ſign'd
And ſeal'd—Now, *Edward*, I will mount thy Throne.
By Heav'n, ſhe was ſo eager in her Vengeance,
She never read the Miſchief ſhe has granted.
Oh, how ſhe rav'd! Curſing her Son and Peers,
Reſolving not to reſt without Revenge.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Have you diſpatch'd the Paper which I ſign'd?

Mort. I have;
And theſe couch'd Lyons, who ſhrink up their Claws,
Thinking to graſp our Lives with firm Security,
Fall in our Toil this Night.
I have Intelligence your Son has ſummon'd
His truſty, loyal Lords, to ſup with him;
So when they're careleſs in their luxury,
We'll bolt upon 'em with ſuch ſure Deſtruction,
Nor *Edward*, nor the World, ſhall reſcue 'em.

Queen. He reſcue them! Why he, with them, muſt fall;
For what avails the Carnage without him?

Mort. 'Tis true indeed; by halves 'twere doing Buſineſs——
The Rebel-Lords have written, and diſperſ'd
A Proclamation in young *Edward*'s Name,

In

In which he does convene a Parliament
To meet the following Month at *Salisbury*;
There to debate on proper Means and Ways,
How to ſecure the Nation's future Peace;
But if this noble Reſolution's held,
It puts us paſt the Fear of all their Malice.
Queen. By me it ſhall —A Parliament! Preſumption!
He ſhall repent his Diſobedience, fooliſh Boy!
His learned Council too ſhall be rewarded,
If Axes, Gibbets, Racks, ſevereſt Tortures
Can be produc'd ſufficient for their Number.
Mort. Think they, dull Souls, they ſhall eclipſe your Glory?
Think they we'll fall a publick Spectacle
To every mean-ſoul'd Villain?
No, like the Sun, in it's full Noon of Light,
Still ſhall you ſhine——too ſtrong for vulgar gaze.
Queen. We thank thy Zeal; but haſten Execution———
We muſt not dally precious Hours away.
Mort. Madam, I cringe me to your great Command———
With the Chief-Juſtice ſtrait, I'll hold Diſcourſe---
The Reſult ſhall be told your Majeſty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Market Place.*

Enter Citizens *and* Mob.

1*ſt Mob.* No wonder we are as we are, if all this be true.

2*d Mob.* Why, ay, truly; what's the Nation the better for him?

Bumper. That's a great deal the *Worſe* for *him*, Neighbour; but he's a great deal the *Better* for *That.*

Oldſtile. So he well may, when he has ſtripp'd the Tree of all it's Fruit.

Felt. Which I'm afraid will never Bloſſom again.

Bump. Not while he has the Care of it, at leaſt.

1*ſt*

1*ſt Mob.* But hark ye me——the *Scots* did not uſe to be ſo ready for Peace.

2*d Mob.* No indeed——no more they did.

Bumper. Why, here it is——put the Caſe now any one had abuſed you, and call'd you *Son of a Whore*, and to ſalve up the Sore, he had given you a good round Sum, you'd ſtand his Friend upon a Pinch, wou'd ye not, tho' you were never ſo ſturdy before.

1*ſt Mob.* Ay, marry wou'd I, as long as I found the good Marks coming in.

Bumper. But if at any time he ſhould ſtop Payment———What then?

1*ſt Mob.* What then! oh, faith! I'd ſoon bully him into better Haviours.

Bumper. Then, I find, to have your Friendſhip one muſt pay you well for't.

1*ſt Mob.* To be ſure———eſpecially when I know my Chap won't fight?

Bumper. But if by chance he were brave and wou'd fight?

1*ſt Mob.* Then perhaps I'd have a Knock with him, and perhaps not, and there wou'd be an end on't.

Bumper. So then 'tis only your Cowards come off by the Lee?

All. Only your Cowards.

1*ſt Mob.* But they ſay the *French* won't like this Peace.

Bumper. Oh, hang 'em! they're cunning Foxes——If Truth were known, I warrant they're at the bottom of all this——their Chops water at ſome beautiful Spot of Ground or other——Odſo! here's my good Lord *Mountacute*——Stand on one ſide——Perhaps we ſhall hear how Things go.

Enter Mountacute.

Mount. What can I leſs for this my fair Preſerver,
Than make her Miſtreſs of the Life ſhe ſaves?
Nor has ſhe, virtuous Maid, ſav'd only mine:
The worthieſt Nobles, nay, the King himſelf,

Are in her Debt——Oh, how I love thee for't!
By Heaven!
It gains thee more Poſſeſſion in my Heart,
Than had an Age of formal Vows been paid.
But who are theſe?——Oh, ſome Citizens aſſembled——it's opportune——I'll diſcloſe the foul, the monſtrous Deſign of *Mortimer*——'Twill compleat their hatred—Friends and Countrymen, how do ye?

All. As well as can be expected theſe hard Times.

Mount. What is there no Trade ſtirring then? Have you nothing to do?

All. Nothing———Nothing———

Mount. I'm ſorry for't——it did not uſe to be ſo.

Oldſtile. A ſad Change truly, my Lord.

Mount. The more's the pity.

Felt. But ſure it will be otherwiſe anon?

Mount. It ſhan't be wanting on my Part to make it ſo.

All. God bleſs you, my Lord, and ſend a few like your Lordſhip.

Bumper. Why, my Lord, I was telling my Fellow-Citizens of a Way juſt now, that wou'd ſoon mend the Times, bad as they are.

Mount. As how, prithee *Bumper?*

Bumper. Oh, very eaſy, my Lord——Why, as I take it, the Nation's at preſent much upon a Foot with Wine that's upon the ſour, which, when it comes to that, ſhou'd be clapt into a freſh Hogſhead, with other Ingredients, to bring it to its ſelf again.

1*ſt Mob.* Ay, the Hogſhead ſhould be chang'd, as you ſay, elſe 'twill go near to ſour the Nation.

Bumper. Yet ſome People will tell you it is not ſo much as foul, and too clean for ſuch as us.

1*ſt Mob.* Do they ſo? But 'tis not for me then? And I reckon myſelf to have as good a Taſte as Mr. Any-Body———

Frame. Well, but I don't hear you ſay, who's to make this ſame new Hogſhead?

Bumper. Why, the King's Cooper ſhou'd; but he's for having it ſerve ſome Time longer. 1*ſt*

1ſt Mob. Then, if he won't, we muſt——don't tell me, we are no Slaves yet.

Mount. Bravely ſaid, my Friend — You ought not to be ſo; nor ſhall you be reduced to it, tho' *Mortimer* by his vile Artifices is contriving your Bonds as faſt as he can. He ſticks at nothing to accompliſh his wicked Purpoſes: Even now, I ſaw a Commiſſion under the Great Seal to diſpatch ſix of us.

All. Abominable!

Mount. Nay, the King too is not ſpar'd: He's to be among the Number.

All. Vengeance!

Mount. I'm now going to impart this Diſcovery to the King, when a Remedy will be propoſed to give new Life to our declining State. If you love your Country therefore, this is the time you muſt ſtruggle to ſet it free, or never. I expect this from your Zeal and Loyalty, that you'll all be ready to back this Deſign by ſurrounding the Caſtle.

All. All, All.

Mount. And that immediately—— we muſt loſe no time.

All. We'll loſe our Lives for King and Country.

Mount. I thank you, Countrymen, in the Name of Both, and am glad to find the old *Engliſh* Spirit is not loſt among you—Come, let me conduct ye——

All. We follow———No *Mortimer.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Serjeant* Eitherſide's.

Mort. You have receiv'd the Commiſſion I ſent by my Neice, you ſay?

Serj. I have, and theſe wiſe Counſellors ſhall rue their Politicks———I'll ſmoak them———

Mort. But hark ye, my Lord!
Suppoſe when we have lopp'd theſe Branches off,
The Trunk remains from whence will grow freſh
Miſchiefs?
I find the Boy is fond of ſovereign Sway;
Fond of the lofty Sound of Majeſty:
His Soul is tun'd to abſolute Prerogative,
And all his Conſort ſtrike that pleaſing Air.

Serj. Look you, my Lord, let us deliver him out of this Evil, and perhaps he'll take care how he falls into the ſame Temptation again.

Mort. Thou know'ſt him not:
He has a wayward Soul and ſtubborn Temper;
The Pride and Spirit of the Mother ſwell him,
With all his Father's poſitive Revenge.
He affects a Mildneſs for the want of Power;
But when he once has conquer'd his Reſtraint,
We muſt expect to pay for theſe Mens lives.

Serj. Nay, 'tis good to be ſure, my Lord, that's certain; and if I thought his Reign wou'd put an End to ours, Charity begins at home, and I beg the young Prince's Pardon, I wou'd not tamely reſign, I tell him that. (dangerous:

Mort. This Parliament that's ſummon'd will be
The Commons hate the Nobles, envy us,
And if we find not Means to curb theſe Meaſures,
We ſhall too late repent our Follies, *Either ſide* —
Our Heads, our Heads, muſt anſwer for our Actions.

Serj. Our Heads! I'll ſend him to his Father firſt.

Mort. Ay, there thou'rt right—what ſay'ſt thou to another *Edvardum occidere Nolite timere, bonum eſt.*

Serj. Say to't! why he muſt have it. Theſe Knaves diſpatch'd, we ſhall not boggle at a greater Matter.

Mort. A decay'd Stateſman is a wretched Thing!
'Tis Flattery and ill Actions, which prefer us,
And we have Flatterers too that thrive by us,
Power makes us Knaves-We're honeſt out of Service;
But when our Prince's Favours fall away,
Nothing ſo deſpicable, or unregarded;
Therefore 'tis Policy, when once we're in,
To finiſh by thoſe Rules we did begin———
Then, let the Factious 'gainſt my Title roar,
I'll quickly quell Diſputes, when once I've Sov'reign Power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter King Edward, Mountacute, Delamore, Holland, Exeter *and* Leiceſter.

King. Was ever Treaſon ſo unnatural!

A Mother's Hand to ſign her Son's Deſtruction!
Now I'm convinc'd who ſet my Father going.
Good Heav'n! how much I owe you for this Safety,
And the kind Inſtrument you chuſe to work it!
Oh, *Mountacute!* I ſtand ſo much indebted,
I fear I want Rewards to recompence;
Yet I'll conſider till I've tir'd Thought
To gratify thy Love and Loyalty. (you, Sir:
Mount. You owe it to the Virgin that preſerv'd
Make her amends, my Duty is my Payment——
But, Sir, reſolve apace; each Moment is important--
Your loyal Citizens impatient wait:
They cry with one accord, away with *Mortimer.*
King. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd-We'll force the Caſtle-
Dela. Hold, Sir.
When I was Governor, I found a Place,
Which now may be of admirable uſe.
There is a private, deep, but narrow Vault,
Whoſe diſmal, rough, unſhapen Way
Was ſurely torn with Hands by a dark Gueſs;
For 'tis ſo ſtrange, no Light cou'd guide the Making:
'Twas wrought by Priſ'ners ſure for Liberty;
For in the loweſt Dungeon it begins,
And has a Paſſage out juſt by the River; (Jail,
There we muſt enter, and when we have reach'd the
The Part o'th' Palace over it is *Mortimer*'s.
King. What follows, *Delamore?*
Dela. I'th' Cieling is a Place with ruſty Bolts,
Which formerly no doubt was a Trap-door;
But for what uſe they beſt muſt know who made it.
This we may force, and ſo ſurprize the Villain.
Mount. 'Tis a good Stratagem.
King. Let's inſtantly about it then.
Holl. I think 'twere better that your Majeſty,
With theſe good Lords and me, ſecure the City,
While *Mountacute* and *Delamore* with a good Guard
Paſs this ſame Vault; and my Lord of *Leiceſter*
With a Party force the Guard on the Queen's ſide.
All but King. ——Prudently adviſ'd!
King. Each to his Task then--*Mortimer* we come;

The Night begins my Reign, that ſeals thy Doom.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Caſtle.*

Enter Mob *arm'd.*

1*ſt Mob.* Hark ye, Neighbours, this is a woundy ſtrong Caſtle.

2*d Mob.* Ay, marry, we ſhall find a tough Piece of Work on't.

3*d Mob.* Tough! Why, an it were as tough as Neck Beef, our Weapons wou'd ſoon make it tender———Tender as an *Engliſhman*'s Head now a-Days, as a Body may ſay.

4*th Mob.* Right! an the Caſtle were an enchanted Caſtle, we'd make it ſmoak.

5*th Mob.* This Spit, let me tell you, ſhall do no ſmall Execution to Night: It ſhall run a Score or two of *Mortimer*'s People thro' the Guts, and roaſt a good Rump of Beef afterwards.

6*th Mob.* You talk of your Spit! Why this Pitchfork, do you mind me, ſhall do a hundred times as much: I'll make a Hay-Rick of dead Bodies with it as high as the Caſtle itſelf——I will.

7*th Mob.* But do you ſee this Sword! this Sword ſhall do a thouſand times more than either your Spit or your Pitchfork——'Tis true, I believe it has not been drawn ever ſince the laſt Battle of the Barons; but when 'tis once drawn, the Enemy muſt ſtand clear———it kills all before it.

1*ſt Mob.* Good lack! do's it ſo? then I'm ſure I'll take care to keep behind it.

2*d Mob.* Methinks'tis pity to demoliſh ſo fine a Piece of Workmanſhip, that has coſt ſuch a Mort of Money, and where there's ſuch a many fine Things.

1*ſt Mob.* You ſay right, Neighbour; we ſhou'd look before we leap. An I were to adviſe, we'd better ſtay, and ſee if this ſame *Mortimer* wou'd eaſe our Conditions a little.

5*th Mob.* Hang his Conditions! This Spit, I tell you, ſhall get us roaſted Conditions.

6*th Mob.* S'Death on all Flinchers! I'll make Hay

Hay while the Sun ſhines, as the Saying is. [*Shaking his Pitchfork.*

7*th Mob.* What! Draw, and put up again without doing any thing! No thank ye for that: No ſham Fight: My Sword won't be bamboozled ſo neither———Thoſe that don't like being for us, may be againſt us———No wheedling, d'ye ſee.

All but 1*ſt* and 2*d Mob.* } No wheedling! No wheedling!

1*ſt Mob.* Nay, nay, an that be the Caſe, I've done adviſing.

2*d Mob.* And I too——But pray, who's to command us?

3*d Mob.* Command us! Who the Duce ſhould command a Mob?

4*th Mob.* No, no, we won't be commanded-Maſter *Bumper* is to give us ſome *Inſtructions* from our Betters by and by, and we'll one and all be directed by him.

All. Ay, ay, one and all.

Enter Bumper.

Bumper. Now, Neighbours, for the Honour of *England*—Now's the time to ſhew your Mettle; if you have any—Every thing's ready for the puſh, and if you prove good Blood, you'll ſoon ſee this Caſtle and its proud Maſter both in our Power.

5*th Mob.* Oh, rare! there will be the Plunder for ye, my Boys!

6*th Mob.* Ay, then we ſhall *Plunder* the *Plunderer*; and I'm ſure there's no harm in that.

Bumper. As to that, I can't tell--That muſt be left to the King's good Pleaſure---A great many noble Families you know have been ruined by this ſame *Mortimer*'s Knavery, and 'tis juſt they ſhould be ſerved firſt———As for us, I think to have our Liberties again is our beſt Reward.

All. Ay, ay, Liberty, Liberty.

Bumper. Come then, Neighbours, follow me. We are ordered to join Maſter *Felt*, and ſome other Well-wiſhers, met together at the other Side of the Caſtle.

Let's to the laſt ſtand up for Freedom's Cauſe;

For

For Freedom gone, farewell to all our Laws.

[*Exeunt* saying, *Stand up, Fight, Die, Freedom, Liberty, Liberty.*

SCENE *changes to* Mortimer's *Apartment.*

Enter Queen *and* Mortimer.

Queen. Are the Guards posted? All your Creatures (stanch?
Is the Chief-Justice in a murdering Vein?

Mort. If by the Tools we judge a Master's Skill,
No Statesman sure cou'd boast a Set like mine:
They are the true-born Sons of Villany:
They stick at nought to serve their Master's Int'rest:
Or Treason, Murder, Regicide or Incest.

Queen. Ay, such as these befit our Purpose well:
They'll soon remove our busy Politicians. (Morn

Mort. This Night ends all our Fears; and e're the
Has gone her Race, they'll have our Enemies
In full Possession. Oh, then! my Queen,
Young snarling *Mountacute*, that hot-bred Boy,
And his old Counsellor, close *Delamore*,
Shall smart——— [*A clashing of Swords.*
Ha! what means this Noise, my Guards? What! ho!--
Death! it grows louder——Are they all engag'd?
Treason! Treason! [*Enter* Turrington *bloody.*
Why that dismal Object? (lost:

Turr. Shift for yourself, Sir; all's betray'd and
The King and *Leicester* have cut off your Guards;
The City's at the Gates, and shout him King.
They cry out Vengeance for their ancient Rights;
By *Mortimer* infring'd——I can no more———
But that I have been faithful, let this witness. [*Dies.*

Queen. Oh, Heavens! What, what shall I do?
Here, *Mortimer*,
There is a Vault that will convey thee.

[Mountacute, Delamore, *and their Party, come from under the Stage.*

Mount. We will convey him, Madam, to a Place,
As safe as he design'd us!

Mort. Horror, and Hell!

Queen. Oh, spare my *Mortimer*, my gentle Son!

Mount. Madam, you're deceiv'd-He's not yet come.

Dela.

Dela. Well, haughty *Mortimer*, what think'ſt thou now?

Mort. That I ſhall die——

Dela. By all *unpitied*, and by all *contemn'd*.

Queen. O, ye malicious Pow'rs:

Mount. Blame not the Pow'rs, Madam, they are juſt
By a ſad Series of triumphant Guilt,
Long had Oppreſſion gall'd a *Free-born* People:
At laſt they're heard, and the *Oppreſſor* falls,
In *juſtice* to a *plunder'd*, *ſinking*, Nation.

Mort. I am no Stranger to ſuch Words as theſe:
Th'inſulting Words of *Plunder* and *Oppreſſion*,
Corruption, and the like, become familiar;
But theſe are Arms too impotent to wound,
When conſcious Innocence oppoſes them.
My Actions, juſtly ſcann'd, defy ye all!
I have Avouchers———

Dela. Wou'd vouch *unſight*, *unſeen!*
A while ago, indeed thou might'ſt have found
A thouſand *Vouchers*; but I dare engage,
Thou wilt not find, even *one*, of *all* thy Creatures,
Will dare, i'th' *Evil Day*, to ſhew his Head.
Now the warm *Zenith* of thy Power's declin'd,
The ſun-bred Inſects dwindle into *nothing*———
But the King

Enter King, Leiceſter, Holland, Exeter *and Serjeant* Eitherſide *Priſoner, and Guards.*

King. Seize the vile Traytor——hurry him down the Dungeon———
There let him groan till Day, and then he dies.

Mount. Now, Royal Sir, you are a King indeed!

King. Such be the Fate of all, who dare abuſe
The Miniſterial Function, and ſacrifice
Their Maſter's Int'reſt to their own *vile Ends!*
What can'ſt thou ſay,
Thou moſt unworthy of that Character?
How have I been miſguided by thy Counſels!
Seeing Affairs but as thou liſt to paint them.
Forgive me, Uncle *Edmund!*
This Monſter's wicked Arts, made thee appear
Guilty——nay, by the Dreſs he put thee on,

A *Traytor!* as himſelf now ſtands confeſt.
Good Gods! How many others might have fall'n,
As *Innocent*, by this ſame ſubtle Dealing,
Had not th' *Almighty* aided this Diſcovery. (me
Mort. 'Tis my advice, Sir, ſtill, that you not urge
To make *Another*, that will not contribute
Much to the Honour of your Majeſty,
We all are frail;
And what I've done, I ſtill can juſtify.
King. Inſolence unequal'd!
Mountacute, ſee my Orders executed.
[Mob *appear at the Entrance, inſulting* Mortimer *as he's guarded off.*
Queen. Oh, ſpare him! baniſh him! but ſpare his Life!
Thy Mother pleads——
King. Thou Scandal of my Blood——
Remove the Queen.
Queen. The Queen! then, not thy Mother?
Oh, hear me!
King. I'm deaf——away—— (ſhalt plead,
Queen. May Heav'n forget thy Pray'rs when thou
And may a Mother's Curſe hang on thy Head.
[*Exit guarded.*
King. Now *Either ſide* for thee——
Thou Shame of Juſtice, what haſt thou to ſay?
Serj. Nothing but beg for Mercy——If your Majeſty conſiders I have been but a Tool, and am not the firſt that has been compell'd to be a Knave by Court-Minions.
King. No——
The Nation muſt be ſatisfy'd, and thou muſt die.
Serj. Ay! I was damnably afraid *Mortimer* would not die alone——I thought his Lordſhip would have a Chief-Juſtice to make up his Equipage, that he might ſwing in Figure.
Mountacute *brings in* Maria.
Mount Now, Sir, I claim your Promiſe:
This Virgin is what we owe our Lives to:
Her Birth you've been acquainted with,
And by what Means ſhe was compell'd to live
With *Mortimer*: and ſure 'twas Providence

That

That plac'd her there for all our Benefits.
I beg her for my Wife.

King. She's yours; and to make her welcome, I inveſt her with all *Mortimer*'s Eſtate; and you Viſcount *Mountacute*, be Earl of *Salisbury*.

Mount. & *Maria.* } Thus, let us thank your Majeſty. (*Both kneel.*

King. Riſe both.

Maria. No, Royal Sir, I have a Boon to beg.
That old Man's Life, my Uncle, tho' an ill one;
Nor has he acted aught whate'er was purpos'd;
And ſince my being his, made me the Inſtrument
Of what's diſcover'd, I humbly would intreat——

King. Thou ſhalt not plead in vain——he's ſafe, and if he can be honeſt, we may in time take Care of him.

Serj. I humbly thank your Majeſty, and will ſtudy to deſerve this Mercy——I am not the firſt Knave that has turn'd Honeſt, when he found his Roguery would do him no good.

King. My Lords of *Leiceſter*, *Exeter*, *Delamore*, And *Holland*, and all, ſhall ſhare our Favours.
May you continue as you have begun.
The Parliament's at hand: If they encourage me,
As I expect, they ſhall be ſatisfy'd
How much I love them.

All. Doubt not their Duty, Sir.

King. To *Scotland* firſt will I an Army lead,
And check the growing Miſchiefs that are ſpread:
That done, to *France* in Perſon will I go:
The *Flow'r-de-luce* ſhall to the *Lyon* bow:
If my good Commoners are kind and free,
I'll loſe my own, or fix their Liberty.
Long have they born Infringements on their Laws;
A wicked, worthleſs, Miniſter the Cauſe;
His Views no farther than himſelf extend,
And center'd in himſelf, with his baſe Being end.
A King on nobler Principles ſhould move:
His People's Good he ſhould with Care improve,
And leave his lateſt Heirs *rich* in his *Subjects Love*.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. MULLART.

GALLANTS! *you've seen how in King* Edward's *Days,*
What wond'rous Courage Liberty could raise!
Tho' weak, oppres's'd; yet, when provok'd too long,
She gives convincing Proofs her Arm is strong.
If e'er she fears, 'tis when she's like to sink
By formidable Dash of Pen and Ink.
The Bully-Politician *all defy'd;*
But a few honest Men took down his Pride.
Was MORTIMER *so vain! Did he suppose*
By little Shifts on Freedom to impose?
Could nothing serve his rav'nous Appetite,
But that delicious Bit——a Nation's Right?
Thought he by Arbitrary Sway to rule,
And make an English *Parliament his Tool?*
Thought he his glitt'ring Ornaments would plead,
And save the Danger of his Neck and Head?
A Hempen Collar's always to be had:
That makes no Diff'rence 'twixt good Clothes and bad.
But Thanks to Heav'n, those wicked Times are gone:
No MORTIMER *wants now to rule alone.*
Our Blessed Ministers the Charm despise;
Because they are profoundly Good and Wise.
The blund'ring He, a mad-brain'd Mob to please,
Struck up a shameful, and more mad-brain'd Peace,
How long it lasted, I leave you to guess——
I think a Twelvemonth, neither more, nor less;
Tho' to secure it, he gave up that Scroll,
We find in Story, call'd the Ragman-roll.
We, by superior Skill hold Peace so fast!
So very firm! it must for ever last.
No Restitutions in the present Case:
Our Steps so cautious, yet so swift our Pace,
We're never hindmost in the Treaty-Race.
Then, as for Trade——the Losses we've sustain'd,
By glorious Stipulation are regain'd.
Nor did we first receive to pay the more,
But 'twas concerted on a nobler Score:
Without one Florin, *or one Guinea paid*
On either Side, the Mutual League was made.